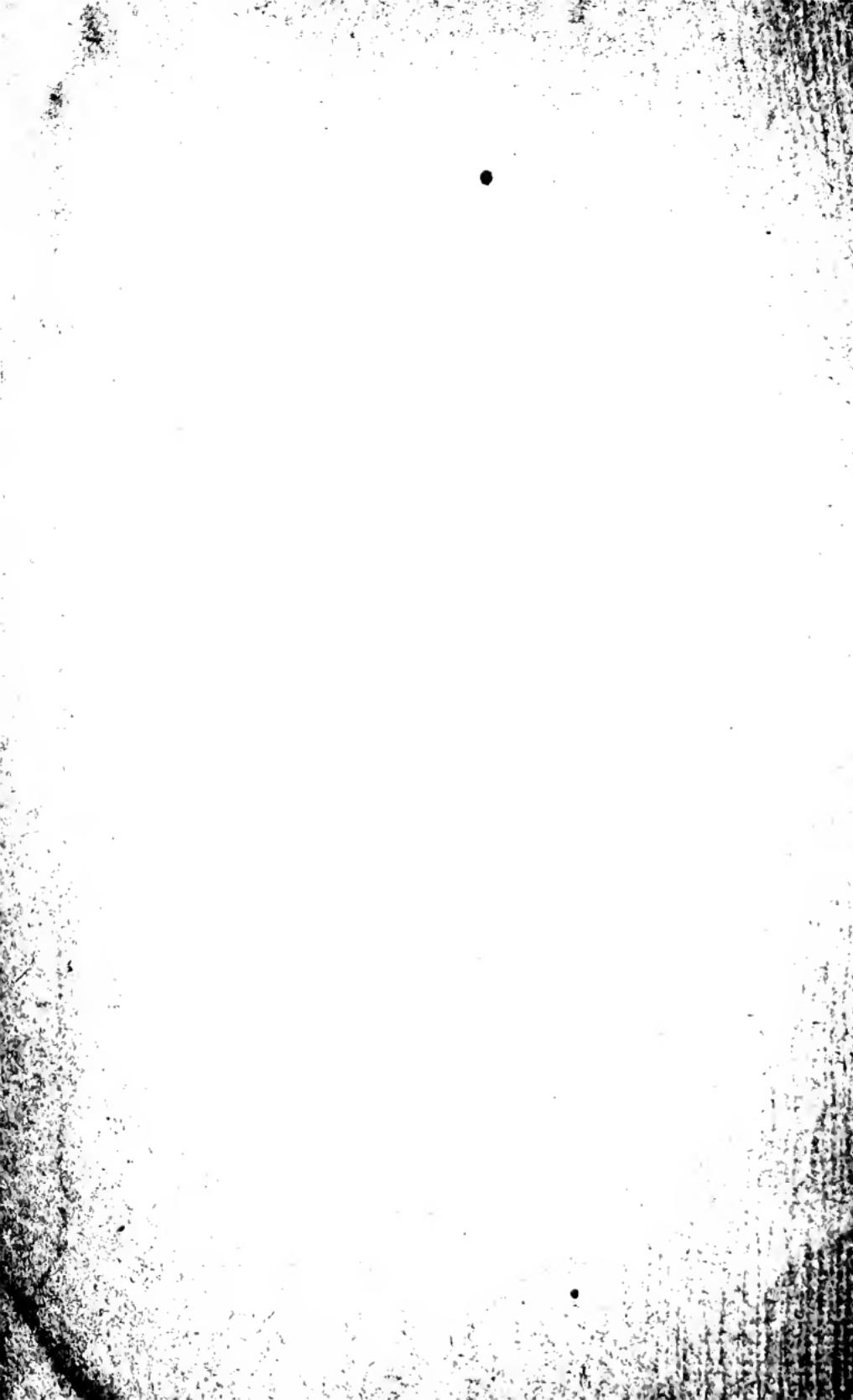


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PRISON-LIFE

IN THE

TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

AT

RICHMOND.

BY A BALL'S BLUFF PRISONER,

LIEUT. WM. C. HARRIS,

OF COL. BAKER'S CALIFORNIA REGIMENT.

PHILADELPHIA:

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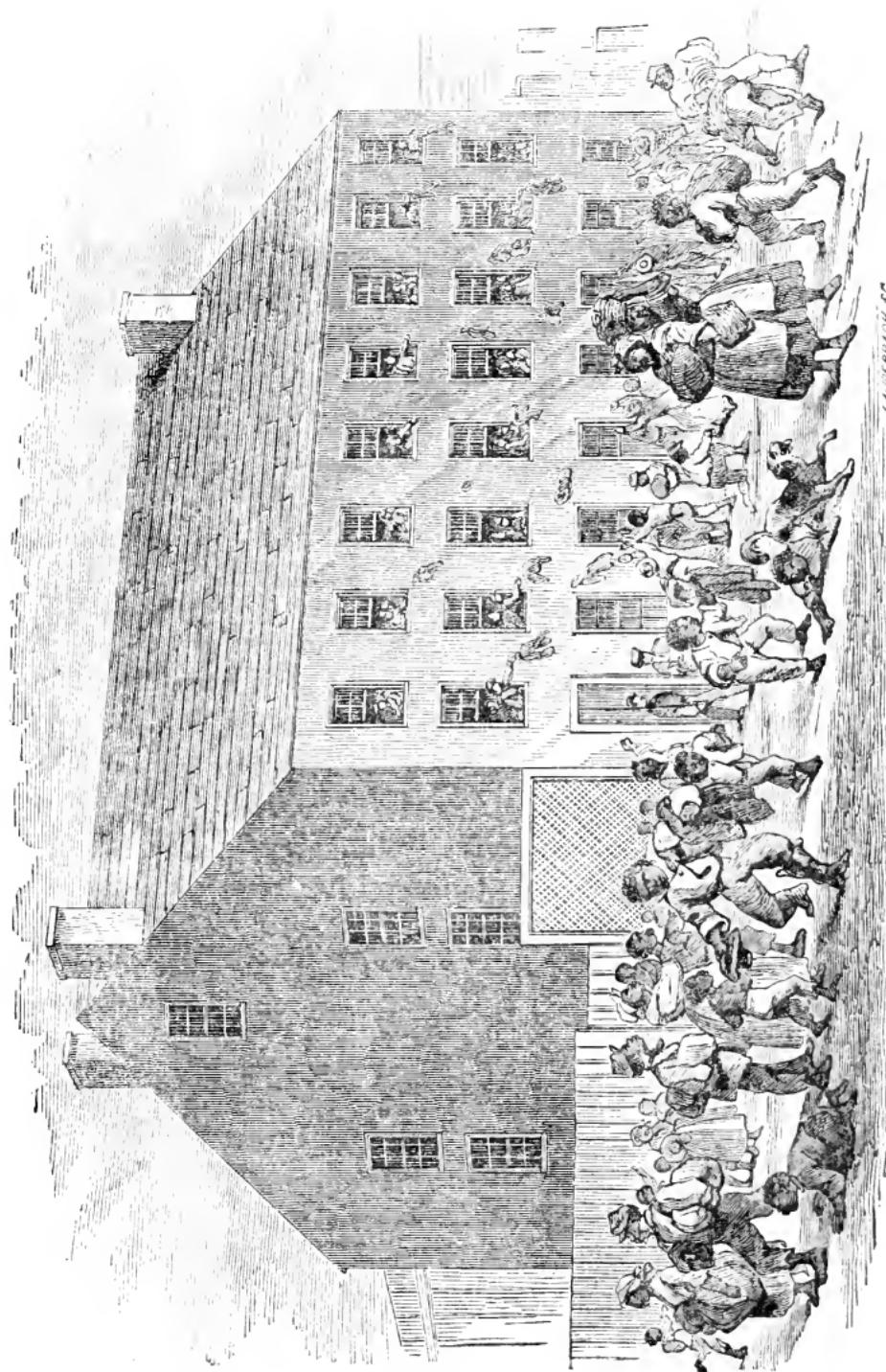
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OUR LAST DAY IN THE RICHMOND TOBACCO WAREHOUSE PRISON.

PRISON-LIFE

IN THE

TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

AT

RICHMOND.

BY A BALL'S BLUFF PRISONER,

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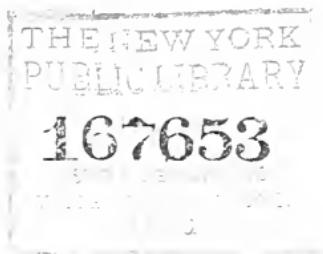
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TO

My Brother-Prisoners

IN

RICHMOND

THESE SKETCHES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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PREFACE.

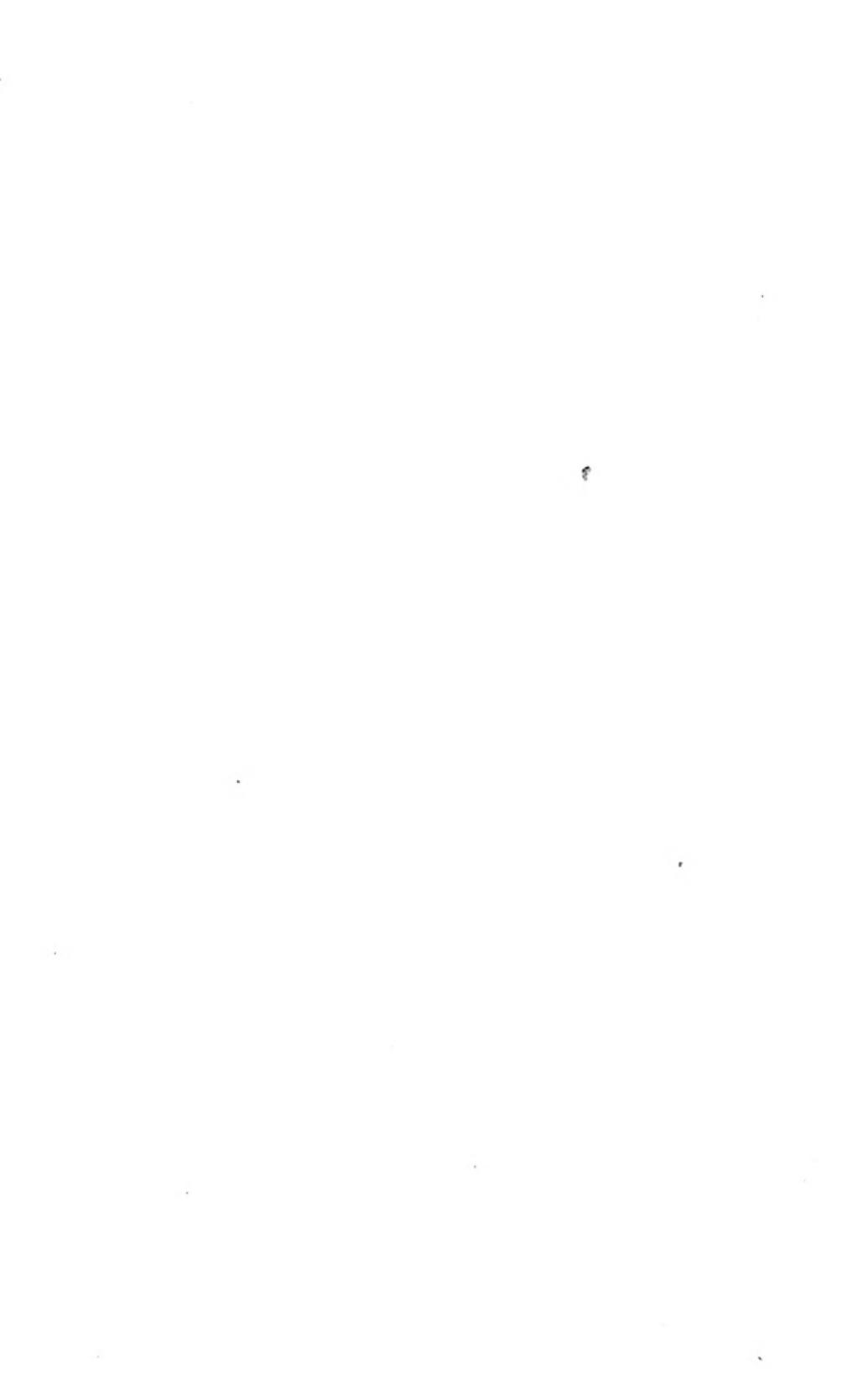
THESE sketches were written to lessen the tedium of my lengthy imprisonment; and if they serve to recall to my prison-companions the scenes enacted in the old Warehouse, and enlist the interest and sympathies of the reader, they will have accomplished all that is desired by the publication of them.

With the exception of "Homeward Bound," they were all written within prison-walls, and brought to the North sewn securely in the lining of an overcoat.

I confidently trust to my brother-officers for their testimony as to the fidelity of description of our "domestic economy," and the accuracy of detail in the varied incidents of our prison-life in the Tobacco Warehouse.

W. C. H.

PHILADELPHIA, March 25, 1862.



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PRISON-LIFE AT RICHMOND.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BALL'S BLUFF TO RICHMOND.

ON the 21st of October, 1861, the battle of Ball's Bluff was fought. Sixteen hundred and ten Federal and five thousand Rebel troops were engaged. The former were defeated,—two hundred and fifty-two killed, wounded, and drowned, and six hundred and seventy-eight taken prisoners. The defeat and heavy loss on the Federal side were owing to inefficient transportation, retarding the arrival of reinforcements, and preventing retreat from a vastly superior force of the enemy, the engagement occurring on the Virginia bank of the Potomac River, within two hundred feet of the water's edge.

The history of the war will record no military blunder so fatal, nor futurity witness more heroic valor than was displayed by the Federal troops at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

The following Federal officers were taken prisoners by the Rebels:—

M. Cogswell, Colonel 42d N. Y. Regt. and Captain 8th U. S. I.
W. Raymond Lee, " 20th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
P. J. Revere, Major 20th " "

Chas. L. Peirson,	Adjutant	20th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
E. H. R. Revere,	Asst. Surgeon	20th " " "
Geo. B. Perry,	1st Lieut.	20th " " "
John Markoe,	Captain	Col. Baker's California Regt.
Francis J. Keffer,	"	" " " "
William C. Harris,	1st Lieut.	" " " "
Chas. M. Hooper,	2d "	" " " "
George W. Kenny,	2d "	" " " "
Frank A. Parker,	2d "	" " " "
William H. Kerns,	2d "	" " " "
John M. Studley,	Captain	15th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Henry Bowman,	"	" " " "
Clark S. Simonds,	"	" " " "
George W. Rockwood,	"	" " " "
John E. Greene,	1st Lieut.	" " " "
J. Harris Hooper,	2d "	" " " "
Bernard B. Vassall,	2d "	" " " "
Timothy O'Meara,	Captain	42d Regt. N. Y. Vol. (Tammany.)
Samuel Gibeson,	1st Lieut.	" " " "
Charles McPherson,	1st "	" " " "
Henry Van Voast,	2d "	" " " "

The majority of the officers were taken at dusk, and immediately marched under guard to Leesburg, a distance of three miles from the field of battle. Arriving there, the usual rejoicings of an elated and frantic town were performed around us, the town-people appearing perfectly maddened in their yells of ecstasy and derision, crowding and shouldering each other in herds to catch a glimpse of us. "We've got 'em this time!" "Oh, you infernal Yankees!" "Make way, Jim: I want to see a 'Yank'!" were cries that greeted us on every side; and it was not until we were marched into the presence of General Evans, the Rebel commandant of Leesburg, that the wild uproar of the furious multitude became comparatively silenced. Federal officers and privates were here separated,—the officers ushered

into a room occupied by General Evans and his aids, and the privates confined in the court-house.

We were here introduced separately to General Evans, a man of tall, brawny frame and unusual length of limb, (he is known throughout his command by the euphonious *sobriquet* of "Shanks.") His manners are courteous and dignified, being to a certain extent free from that peculiar mixture of supercilious pride and conceit which characterizes many of the officers in the Confederate army. He tendered us the following parole, stating that, although it gave the liberty of the town, it required us to report in person to General Beauregard at Centreville in a few days:—

"We, the undersigned, officers in the army of the United States, do hereby pledge our oaths and honor not to bear arms against the Southern Confederacy during the war, unless sooner exchanged."

We all declined a parole that conceded no privileges except one,—that of paying our own hotel-bills. We were then informed that in a few hours ambulances would be provided to convey us to Manassas.

A large wood fire burned briskly in the room, at which many of us dried our clothing, which had been thoroughly wet in attempts to swim the river. A supper consisting of coffee, bread, beefsteak, and preserves was provided, to which full justice was done, many of us having eaten nothing since early morning.

After midnight we were marched two miles from Leesburg, where we joined our men, drawn up under guard in a large open field. A wagon was here furnished the officers, and, by close packing, two-thirds of our number were accommodated. The march was now continued, the prisoners having been formed four

abreast, and guarded on the front, rear, and sides of the line. The roads, from recent rains, had become ankle-deep with mud, rendering the march slow and doubly tiresome.

As the morning broke, the scene was a sad one to look upon. From our position in the front, we were enabled to overlook the entire line of prisoners, who, jaded and worn out, were making the strongest efforts to keep their position in line. Occasionally a poor fellow would stagger up to the commanding officer, piteously exclaiming, "I can go no farther!" Some were without shoes or stockings, having lost them in attempting to swim the Potomac. Others were without overcoats,—now doubly needed, as the rain commenced to fall. All were smeared with mud; and as they marched over the slippery road, requiring constant efforts to secure a foothold, the scene was dreary indeed.

Gradually the officers' wagon became filled with sick and weary privates, the officers trudging cheerfully through the mud to relieve them.

At a cross-road ten miles from Leesburg, we were met by a cavalcade of rather a grotesque character, which excited much laughter, even amidst our distress of body and dejection of mind.

On a very small mule an immense raw-boned negro sat, whose broad grin and great glaring eyes actually illumined the inanimate countenance of his master, by whose side he rode. The master possessed a gray homespun suit, large slouch hat, great iron spurs, rope bridle, and a gigantic white horse, the liliputian form of whose rider appeared to fade into air, as he sat perched upon the immense animal. A lady

rode by his side, on a small horse, with sleek limbs, and stylish though gentle gait. The lady herself presented a strange contrast with the beast, as her figure was large, her raiment gaudy, and her general appearance coarse and masculine. On meeting the front of our line, they halted: the negro's eyes popped, the master's face freshened slightly, and the lady burst forth, in a stentorian voice, "Is them the Yanks?" Without waiting for a reply, she continued, her loud voice reaching the entire length of the line:—"Oh, if I had my way, I'd kill you, you bloodthirsty villains you! You come down here to murder us, did you? What are you doing in that wagon, you sneaking Yankees? Can't you walk? I'd make you walk!" And so she continued until we had moved beyond the reach of her voice. We were subjected three times during the day to insulting and abusive language,—on two occasions from old women, and once from an elderly gentleman, when a request was made by the officer in charge of us for the loan of a wagon to convey the sick and wounded privates. The old fellow not only refused, but showered a tirade of abuse on the officer for making the request, winding up by thundering out, "Let them walk and die!"

Onward we marched until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, having reached a large mill near Bull Run, we were halted: the privates were placed in the mill, and the officers accommodated in the miller's dwelling. Here we expected rest and food, having marched without halting (except for a moment or two to enable the line to be closed up) for sixteen hours, during which time we had not received a morsel of food.

We were disappointed, as in a few moments orders came from General Beauregard, and we were again formed, and marched three miles nearer Manassas, to an old stone house on the battle-field of July 21. This house will always be an object of interest, as it was here our wounded were brought, and on a large field directly in front of the house the main struggle of the day was made. It now bears the marks of cannon and rifle balls. On the west end a rifled-cannon ball has gone entirely through the building. At the stone house we halted, the privates bivouacking in the open air, the officers in the *open* house. At eleven o'clock at night, we were furnished with rations of fat pork and corn bread. We had been for forty-eight hours without sleep, twenty-four hours without food, and had marched seventeen hours without halting to rest,—the march being immediately preceded by the fatigues and struggle of the battle of Ball's Bluff, lasting from early morning until dark. At daybreak on the 23d October, our march was continued to Manassas, a distance of seven miles, where we arrived at ten o'clock A.M.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the appearance or strength of Manassas from the occasional glimpses we had of successive earthworks, camps, straggling soldiers, and field-artillery. Arriving there, we were halted at the head-quarters of the provost marshal, where the names, rank, and regiments of the officers were registered,—during which process we were surrounded by a dense mass of soldiers, civilians, and a few ladies. Although no abusive language was used towards us, a peculiar smile of delight, mingled with contempt, was on every lip. That smile to us has

since become a Southern institution ; for when we find a man without it as he looks upon the "Yankees," we at once conclude that he is a "Union" man.

From the provost marshal's we were marched into an old barn, where we found a few prisoners arrested by the Rebels "under suspicion" of Union sentiments. Here we were visited by scores of Confederate officers and civilians, none of whom were in the barn a moment before they commenced discussing the political causes of the war. Conversing with that effervescent temperament so peculiar to the Southern-born, their manner soon became disagreeable and quarrelsome, and we found it necessary to abstain from all conversation. A few ladies came to the barn-door, stood and gazed upon us, smiled their smile of contempt, and then went tripping away to tell their friends "how dirty and nasty the Yankees looked."

At seven P.M. we were placed under guard and escorted to the cars for Richmond, where we arrived, without incident, at nine A.M. on the 24th of October. We found the depot and adjacent streets thronged with a dense mass of people. Men, women, and children were huddled together, each individual straining every nerve to obtain a sight of us. Looking from the car-windows, we beheld a tumultuous herd swaying to and fro, every eye fixed upon the cars, and, as one of us leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the scene, a hundred fingers would be pointed, and voices heard yelling, "There is one ! See ! there's a Yank !"

After a short delay, we were marched out of the cars into the open street, eight abreast, into a hollow square formed by the guard.

As far as the eye could reach, the populace were

thronging. In the street, pressing on the guard, on the side-walk, in the trees, on the balconies, on the house-tops, were crowded the eager people. Occasionally a triumphant yell would be raised, and taunting voices heard:—"I say, Yanks, how do you feel?"

From the depot,—through the main thoroughfares,—we were paraded, guarded by soldiers, escorted by the mob, until we arrived at our future prison,—a tobacco warehouse on Main Street.

As we halted, under guard, on the pavement of the warehouse, every window was crowded by Federal prisoners, eager for a sight of their brother unfortunates. Our names being called, we were ordered into the building. What a scene of sympathy and welcome! Hands grasped hands, brother met brother in misfortune, welcome in every eye and heart, and voices greeting, until the room re-echoed with the hospitable shouts.

As the warm gush of welcome mellowed down, loud voices were heard exclaiming, "*What did you come down here for?*" The question was taken up, repeated and repeated, until the warehouse rang with the merry cry. In a few moments we were seated at the various "mess"-tables, eating heartily of the warehouse bill of fare. They brought forth their choicest viands (butter and molasses) and set before us. Warm hearts were around, and the "fatted calf" was killed, each with the other contending for the pleasure of feeding us.

Our meal ended, little groups of earnest questioners and the new-comers might be seen dispersed over the room. Information was given and received, errors corrected in Secesh reports of the fight at Ball's Bluff,

with sundry details of affairs on the Potomac, which were gladly absorbed by the lonely exiles.

The day was passed in social communion and friendly interchange of thoughts, feelings, and opinions. The question prominent on every lip was, "Will McClellan advance?" We could not satisfy the earnest questioners, but heartily blended our hopes and wishes that he would speedily do so.

As the evening closed, and we lay upon the floor,—a few upon straw mattresses,—we but faintly realized that henceforth we were prisoners of war.

CHAPTER II.

OUR PRISON.

THE Tobacco Warehouse, where the officers and two hundred and fifty privates are confined, is situated in the lower portion of the city, on the southwest corner of Twenty-Fifth and Main Streets, and was occupied, previous to being used as a military prison, by Messrs. Liggon & Co. for manufacturing and storing tobacco.

It is a large, three-story brick building, built in a substantial manner, and peculiarly adapted for prison and hospital purposes. The main (or first) floor is allotted to the officers, fifty of whom are its present (December 1, 1861) occupants. The second and third floors contain each one hundred and twenty-five privates. In the centre of the officers' floor is placed the machinery for pressing and preparing tobacco, dividing it into two equal sections,—the western being used for eating and writing purposes, the eastern for promenading and sleeping. Ten mess-tables, made of rough pine boards, and a number of wooden benches and stools, occupy the main portion of the western division; and the floor is well covered in the eastern by bedsteads and cots of Southern and prison manufacture. The latter are primitive yet unique in style, being of the simplest structure that rough boards and a few nails can accomplish.

The length of the officers' room is sixty-five feet nine

inches, width forty-five feet, height twelve feet three inches; one-half of which space is occupied by the machinery in the centre and northern portion of the floor. The room is lighted by five windows on the west or lower side, and three on the east or city side. Those on the east are level with the street, and well protected by iron bars; the west windows are without bars, but double-guarded by sentinels placed in the yard.

The sills of those in the west are used as pantries by the stewards, and a curious assortment of stores is often displayed,—tin cups, plates, knives and forks, a cup of butter, saucer of salt, paper of pepper, loaf of bread, cold beef, comb and brush, whisk broom, towels, a wet shirt drying, shaving-apparatus, bottle of vinegar, &c.

The room is lighted by gas, the use of which is either kindly or unwittingly given at all hours of the day: we use it for cooking as well as illuminating purposes, and the odor of hot coffee and occasional stews may be scented daily throughout the room. At nine o'clock we have breakfast, consisting of fresh beef,—occasionally liver,—with five ounces of bread; at one o'clock dinner,—boiled or roast beef, with five ounces of bread; at six o'clock supper,—five ounces of bread.

The Confederate government furnishes the rations of bread and beef, with salt and brown soap. All other articles of food are provided by the prisoners, at the following prices:—Tea, \$4 per pound; coffee, \$1 per pound; brown sugar, 20 cents; butter, 60 cents; potatoes, \$2 per bushel; molasses, \$1.25 per gallon. The cost of extra rations, which are confined to the foregoing articles, averages \$2.50 per week for each officer.

The cook-house of the officers is located in the prison-yard, and is separate from that of the privates. The

attendants have been selected from a number of negroes who have been captured while acting as officers' servants.

John Wesley Rhoads, of Bailey's Cross-Roads, Virginia, an elderly colored gentleman, acts as chief cook. He is an honor to his profession, compiling with scientific skill the intricate dishes comprising our bill of fare. The officers have ten messes, each independent of the other, yet drawing their respective rations of bread and meat from the Confederate government. To each mess is assigned a steward,—generally a non-commisioned officer or private who is held as a prisoner of war.

The duty of the steward is to receive the allotment of cooked food for each mess, prepare the table for meals, and attend to such duties as may be assigned him by the Sanitary Committee.

This committee consists of three members, appointed from time to time by the Association, and has control over all matters relating to the comfort and cleanliness of the rooms. When an officer is brought a prisoner to our warehouse, he is presented with a tin plate and pint cup: to complete his crockery, he is allowed to purchase a knife, fork, and spoon at blockade-prices: he is also furnished with a cotton coverlet, and five yards of brown cotton muslin, from which to prepare a bed-tick. When finished, he is permitted to go into the yard, where, from a large pile of straw, he fills the tick. Then, shouldering the unwieldy mattress, he staggers into the room and seeks a vacant spot, which hereafter shall be sacred to himself.

At eight o'clock each morning, the clerk of the prison, accompanied by the officer of the day, calls the

roll. When an officer's name is called, he is required to pass by the clerk, remaining on his left until the roll is completed. Occasionally the officer in charge becomes negligent, and days pass without the attendance of the roll-sergeant. When daily required, it becomes one of the many petty annoyances of our prison-life.

At nine P.M. the officer of the day commands, "Lights out!" and we are expected to prepare for bed. The strictness of this order varies with the disposition of the officers in charge. By some, the gas is immediately turned off, with the remark, in one instance, "We don't mind the gas, but you must go to bed at nine o'clock." Others allow one burner for any length of time we desire; yet occasionally we neglect to extinguish the remaining light, premising that our accommodating officer is on duty,—in which case one of the guard is ordered in to turn off the gas. If, as often happens, the soldier is from the backwoods, and ignorant of the nature of gas-fixtures, he awkwardly fumbles at them, turning on those burning dimly, and reversing things generally. So, if they do leave us in total darkness, we go to bed under the influence of a jolly good laugh,—the only exercise unrestricted by our prison-walls.

Amid the hearty roars of laughter and general hurly-burly tumult of preparing our beds in the dark, a voice will be heard exclaiming, "Keep quiet, gentlemen, do, if you please: you might wake up the guard."

When an officer is desirous of visiting his men, confined in the adjacent warehouse, he makes his request known to the officer of the day, who asks permission of the commandant of the post. After repeated importu-

nities, it will sometimes be granted a week subsequent to the first request. The same delay often occurs in visiting sick or dying men in the hospital, as the following incident will illustrate:—

On the 17th of December, the writer was informed of the serious illness of a private in his company,—Robert McMennamin, of Philadelphia,—then in the hospital. Desirous of visiting him, application was made to the roll-sergeant of the prison, and through him to the officer of the day, who presented the request to the commandant of the post. In a few hours the reply came that the request could not be granted.

Later in the day, information was received that the poor fellow was very low, and could not possibly live through the night.

Resolved to see him, and ignoring prison-rules and persons, the writer watched the street and hailed the commandant through the bars: he came, listened, and granted the urgent demand. Placed in charge of the guard, we entered the hospital, and found McMennamin on the third floor, lying upon a cot, in the last stages of typhoid fever. As the writer bent over him and received his dying words,—“Lieutenant, see to my mother and little children,”—and looked upon his haggard and wasted features, his shadow-like frame, sunken yet burning eye, he realized the unutterable horror of war.

That man dying in this lonely hospital, without a mother’s gentle nursing or wife’s thrilling tenderness to mellow the agony of death,—ah! it was a scene to touch the strong heart. No bolder spirit than his ever braved the bullet and bayonet, no truer heart beat round our camp-fires, no gayer voice rang with the

wild notes of the bivouac-song. Loved, honored, the boast and pride of his companions, he died far from home and friends, and we know not where "he sleeps his last sleep."

Visitors occasionally arrive at the prison, requesting of the officer permission to see a prisoner known to them. They are referred to General Winder, to visit whom and procure his written authority often occupies half the day. In the mean time the young officer of the day has piloted through the room several strings of his personal friends, who gaze at us as if we were Hot-tentots or cannibals. When a Federal officer is visited, the officer of the day announces, in a loud tone, that "A gentleman wishes to see him:" upon his return from the prison-office he is immediately congratulated upon being released; and it is only after repeated efforts that he convinces our little band that he is still part of our confederacy.

Thirty minutes are allowed to visitors for conversation with a prisoner, which is generally held in the presence of several officers connected with the post.

Letters, after undergoing supervision in Norfolk, are sent to General Winder, where much delay occurs before they are assorted and delivered. When asked for, the reply has been made,—"The postmaster has not had time to arrange them." Occasionally they are brought to the prison-office, and subjected again to delay; and often it requires repeated and urgent requests for the privilege of assorting and delivering them.

At one time, the penny-post brought them direct from the post-office and delivered them personally to the prisoners, with which arrangement we were much

pleased; but, owing to a personal difficulty between the commandant of the post and the letter-carrier, he discontinued bringing them. The privates suffer still more, as an increased interval occurs with their letters between receipt and delivery.

It is amusing to observe the strictness and severity of our martinet officers of the day, when the details of the system upon which they act are so loosely connected together. The officers attached to the post are, one commandant, and four lieutenants, acting officers of the day,—one of whom inaugurates a system to-day, another to-morrow, and a third on the next has none: hence it is usual with us, when we wish to visit our men or present other requests, first to inquire who is officer of the day.

“Is Yankee-Killer?” “No.” “Is the tall, accommodating officer?” “No.” “Is the little fellow who drinks so much whiskey?” “Yes.” Then we are safe in asking any thing, for he is both kind and drunk all the time.

In the early part of January, a change occurred in the administration of our prison, caused by the departure of Captain Gibbs, the commandant of the post, to Salisbury, North Carolina, to assume charge of the Federal prisoners confined there, Captain A. C. Godwin, of the C. S. Army, being placed in command at Richmond.

On the day the change occurred, Brigadier-General Winder was seen to visit the prison-office; and it soon became known in the officers' room that our new commandant would inaugurate a fresh system of regulations,—which caused much amusement, as experience had taught us that prison-systems at our warehouse

were ephemeral, and apt to vaporize upon the assumption of duty by each succeeding officer of the day.

We were informed that our errand-boy would cease his duties from that day; that hereafter no communication would be allowed with the "outer world;" that our luxuries must be in future procured through the corporal of the guard, who was instructed to carry every article purchased into the office for inspection. He obeyed his orders strictly in one instance, to the personal knowledge of the writer, by carrying to the officer of the day the basket containing the half-peck of potatoes required by "our mess."

Previous to the advent of the new commandant, we habitually slumbered in the morning until eight or nine o'clock, as a resource to shorten the drear tediousness of the day; but, alas! on the 22d of January our realm of slumber was invaded, and we were aroused shortly after daybreak, and summoned to attend roll-call by the officer of the day surnamed "Yankee-Killer," accompanied by a file of Confederate soldiers.

The astonishment with which the dreamy, half-reclining sleepers received the call, the husky, inquiring voices, the reluctant, drowsy lassitude evinced by all, gave evidence of the unwelcome nature of the order. With slow and intentionally lazy movements we prepared to obey: each garment was handled with a studied yet demure awkwardness; boots were put on the wrong foot, legs were reversed in pantaloons, and coats manœuvred to change front to rear. In the mean time, "Yankee-Killer," erect, attentive to the scene, with anger-clouds marring the effeminate delicacy of his features, and feverish fingers restlessly fondling his

sword-hilt, stood watching the sluggish preparations around him.

The Secesh guard looked upon the scene with astonished eyes. They could not realize that Yankee prisoners had courage sufficient to loiter in obeying an order from the stern yet truly harmless "Yankee-Killer." Thirty minutes elapsed before our clothing was adjusted properly for the ceremony of roll-call. Upon its completion, twenty voices were mingled in whistling the stirring, rollicking notes of "Yankee Doodle," and our friend marched out of the warehouse with his soldiers, probably anathematizing the unquenched spirit of "the eternal Yankee." With no other officer would these scenes have been enacted: he alone appears to gratify his personal bitterness by drawing roughly the prison-shackles around us.

The regulations of our new commandant remained in force a few days, to annoy us and circumscribe our privileges, and then faded away like their predecessors.

To assist them in carrying on the commissary and hospital departments of the prisons, the Confederate authorities select the many assistants needed from the prisoners of war; and it must be acknowledged that they show great discrimination of character,—for they have chosen the most intelligent and serviceable. With the exception of the commissioned officers and attendant surgeons, the entire organization is composed of Federal assistants, who serve because they in a measure add to the comfort and welfare of their fellow-prisoners. The following remark made by a Confederate officer will show the estimate placed upon them:—"There is more ingenuity and industry in the Yankee prisoners of Richmond than in the whole Southern

Confederacy." Each floor containing privates is placed under the charge of one of their number, who is called the "sergeant of the floor," and often possesses an authority with the Secesh guards not usually exercised by prisoners over jailers. A few of them have the parole of the city, and often aid the officers in prison by making purchases, and bringing welcome intelligence of Secession reverses,—news considered contraband by the officer in charge.

At the time of the writer's advent in the warehouse, (October 24,) there had been considerable amelioration of the treatment and condition of the officers.

The Federal officers captured at Manassas were conveyed in the cars to Richmond, and thrust, with six hundred privates, into a warehouse,—where, sweltering with the heat of midsummer, with closed windows, and not room sufficient for them all to lie wedge-packed upon the floor, they remained, suffering and without food, for nearly twenty-four hours. They were then removed to their present quarters, yet were permitted to occupy only half the space subsequently allotted them,—the eastern section of the room being filled with the prison-guard and sentinels on post upon the same floor, with orders to bayonet all who approached within three feet of them.

For weeks they slept upon the floor, without blankets or overcoats, with blocks of wood—and not enough even of those—for pillows. It was not until three months had elapsed that the Confederate authorities furnished straw and cotton coverlets. Without servants, mess-tables, benches, or even knives and forks, they ate their meals cross-legged upon the floor, and off the window-sills, in a primitive, yet (owing to the

quantity furnished) ravenous, style. Without water-facilities, except a well in the yard, which was used not only by the officers, but also by five hundred men confined in the upper stories of the warehouse, one of whom only was allowed to use it at a time, hours would pass each morning before an officer was able to wash.

Visitors of all grades were allowed to enter the building, and often subjected them, in the presence of Confederate officers of the prison, to the vilest abuse. Outside of the warehouse, the square was for weeks packed with Rebels, who, whenever they caught a glimpse of a Federal officer, hooted at and insulted him. Richmond had, apparently, given up her rabble and filth to centre around the "Yankee" prisons,—as men, women, and even little children scarcely old enough to walk, united in heaping scurrilous abuse upon them.

Although in October the treatment of the officers has improved, that of the privates remains the same. Two thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight have been confined in Richmond since the commencement of hostilities; and their condition in the upper stories of the warehouse is harrowing to the sternest heart. With the floor for a bed, without straw, many without pantaloons, all with scant raiment, but few with blankets, whilst the keen air of mid-winter pierces through the ill-protected building,—receiving half the ration of food allowed in the Federal army, covered with vermin, starved and shivering,—they are crowded together in herds. Regardless of life, dead to the dictates of humanity, their jailers see them die daily,—apparently without sympathy, evidently without attempting to prevent mortality.

At ten o'clock they are furnished with breakfast, consisting of a small piece of cold beef and five ounces of bread; at seven P.M. they receive about a half-pint of soup and five ounces of bread, with rice occasionally in lieu of meat. They receive but two meals per day, and those of the poorest quality. The rice is often wormy; the meat is cooked two days before consumed, and lies exposed in a trough in the yard, becoming covered with dust and ashes, and the juice being extracted by making soup for one meal before the meat is served, dry and hard, for the next.

For two weeks the men have not been able to procure water or brooms with which to scrub the floor, and the dirt and bones are swept into one corner: it cannot be thrown from the window, the sentinel having orders to shoot any one who approaches it.

Seven Federal prisoners have been shot dead by the sentinels for inadvertently leaning from the windows.

They have been known to hunt for a bone from the pile of filth, and gnaw eagerly upon it. There being but one hydrant in the yard, for the use of five hundred and fifty men, they are kept waiting for hours in line before being able to reach it; and the same buckets used for distributing meat and soup are furnished them for washing their bodies and clothes.

One small stove is put into a room eighty feet long by fifty wide; and the men are forced to walk half the night to keep from freezing during the other half.

Every day, from early morning until late at night, emaciated soldiers may be seen waiting longingly for the surplus bread and meat from the officers' table. It is a scene of piteous sadness when a steward brings forth a pan of food to distribute among them. As he

appears, every soldier's eye glares with a hungry look, arms are reached forth beyond the sentry's musket, and each man jostles with his neighbor for a crust of bread, and crunches his share with eager, ravenous haste.

The hospitals for the prisoners of war are located on Main Street, adjacent to the prison-warehouse. The buildings are similar to the latter in every respect, consisting of three stories, each floor of which is subject to the following sanitary regulations:—

Four rows of camp-cots, containing eighty beds, occupy the room.

Twelve nurses are in attendance,—eight during the day, four at night; two sergeants, alternating day and night in their duties, who alone give the medicines to the sick; and one steward, having charge of the commissary and culinary departments.

For a long period previous to the release of the Federal sick and wounded prisoners, one hundred and sixty in number, they were attended by one physician only. Drs. Fletcher and Revere, Federal surgeons, were for a short time permitted to attend the hospitals, subject to a parole which confined them to the immediate vicinity of the prison: they were of incalculable benefit to the prisoners, who suffered much for the want of proper medical attendance.

When the sick were released and sent North, the Federal surgeons were abruptly informed that their parole had expired, and we welcomed them once more to our "pent-up Utica."

The food furnished in the hospital is of good quality and well cooked, consisting of beef, beef-soup, potatoes, coffee and tea, with molasses and milk occasionally.

The building is kept in excellent order, the attendants being prisoners of war; yet, owing to the sick being removed from the crowded prison direct to the hospital-wards, they transfer with them myriads of body-vermin; and often men have lain for days in a typhus condition, infested with vermin, nauseating to sight, yet incapable of being cleansed, owing to the nature of the disease. When a private becomes unwell, no medicine is furnished until he is sufficiently ill to be removed to the hospital. This fact, with the natural aversion they have to being removed thither, adds to the mortality.

We have been informed that upon the arrival of the Federal wounded prisoners from Manassas, the entire stock of lint and bandages in the hospital was furnished by the Unionists of Richmond. The papers at that time reeked with the foulest abuse of their government for devoting even a small portion of its resources of medical aid to the U.S. wounded, when their own were thronging the city, making it one vast charnel-house.

Looking from the west windows of our room, we see daily from one to three corpses brought from the hospital to the yard, and deposited in pine coffins. These are from the hospital exclusively used for prisoners. In the morning a hearse arrives, receives the coffins, and drives away, none knowing where or how the poor fellows are buried.

The disease most prevalent is typhoid fever; and the great mortality arises in part from patients being discharged from the hospital during the early stages of convalescence. A relapse occurs, and death generally ensues.

John Riley, sergeant of Company H, California Regi-

ment, a man forty years of age, upright, brave, and a veteran soldier, became sick, and was taken to the hospital. In a few days he was brought, staggering from weakness, yet under guard, to his quarters. As he passed across the officers' floor to the stairs, the writer said to him, in astonishment, "John, you are not able to come out. Why did you leave the hospital?"

"Ah, lieutenant," was the answer, "I ate a little breakfast this morning; and when they found I could eat, they told me I must go back and make room for others sicker than I am."

During the suffering and destitution the men daily experienced,—suffering calculated to deaden every energy of life, and render turbid the natural buoyant impulses of man's nature,—the Federal privates had resources within themselves to soften the rigor of their confinement.

Often did we hear their fine glee-club blending voices in the notes of our national songs, whilst "Home, Sweet Home" would come trilling to our ears through the plank ceiling above us.

Theatrical amusements and working in bone and wood served to lessen the tedium of imprisonment.

Specimens of their skill in producing from bone trinkets of beautiful workmanship were bought with avidity by the Confederate and their own officers. Finger-rings of exquisite and unique chasing, Maltese crosses of elaborate finish, and curious national emblems of quaint design, portraying the skill whilst suggesting the patriotism of the carver, cut from bone and carved with the rudest tools,—a jack-knife and file,—were the results of the constant employment of the men.

At one period General Winder issued an order making files contraband of war within prison-walls; but the men laughed at the prohibition, and the order was never enforced.

Not in manual labor alone do they commemorate their sufferings and imprisonment: an association exists among them to perpetuate the records of their confinement, and to serve as a nucleus round which they may gather in brotherhood when the period of their incarceration is ended. It is called the "Union Prisoners' Association," and is governed by the following officers, all of whom belong to the rank and file of Colonel Baker's California Regiment:—

A. J. M'Cleary, President.

Alonzo M. Barnes, Vice-President.

Alva L. Morris, Recording Secretary.

William H. Sloanaker, Corresponding Secretary.

Harry A. Harding, Treasurer.

Executive Committee, William Scott, Charles B. Street, G. C. Snyder, A. J. Spellbrink, George Heston.

As donations of clothing arrived from the North, and detachments of the prisoners were sent home and to the South by the Confederates, the condition of those remaining in Richmond became improved.

Change of quarters in some instances enabled the men to cleanse themselves, and the liberal gifts of clothing from Northern friends prevented, in a measure, the further accumulation of body-vermin; and, more space and increased water-facilities being furnished, all were able to keep their bodies clean and partially invigorate them by exercise, though restricted to their in-door quarters.

January 13 and 14 were gala-days within prison-walls. Appeals had been made by the imprisoned officers of Colonel Baker's California Regiment to the citizens of Philadelphia for the relief of the suffering privates in the Richmond warehouses. A warm response and welcome contributions quickly followed,—the packages arriving at the warehouse and being opened for distribution on the above days.

The officers' floor had the appearance of a bazaar rather than of a prison, as the different articles, consisting of coats, pants, vests, boots, shirts, drawers, stockings, towels, sponge, soap, combs, tooth-brushes, sewing-bags, and even dressing-gowns, were strewn promiscuously around,—presenting to our shabby guards a picture of tempting comfort towards which in vain they "cast a wishful eye." The Governor of Massachusetts had forwarded in the latter part of December three hundred and fifty complete suits of clothing,—thus maintaining the reputation of that noble old State for generosity and liberal attention to the wants of her volunteer soldiers. The clothing for the California Regiment was contributed solely by private persons, residents of the city of Philadelphia, to whom a more fitting evidence of our gratitude could not be rendered than to depict the earnest, expectant eagerness with which the articles were received.

As name after name was called, and the poor fellows filed into the room in destitution and in rags, and were sent back with armfuls of the good things from our Northern homes, their features glowing with thankfulness and honest pride of their generous and time-honored birthplace, full well the scene would have repaid the donors for their liberal contributions. Kind

friends at home, do you not see destitute men, after months of suffering, gathering the treasures you have sent them, in some selected corner of the old warehouse sacred to themselves, counting, handling, ay, gloating over the rare comforts of this pitiless winter?

They who sent this warm blanket, this heavy woollen shirt, knew not, perhaps, how much of disease and death hung around these prison-walls, of the filth and destitution within them, now cleansed and alleviated by the responsive sympathy of their generous hearts.

The Hon. Mr. Faulkner, released by the United States government in exchange for the Hon. Mr. Ely, M.C., of Rochester, N.Y., visited us on the 21st day of December, 1861. We were solicitous of his unprejudiced opinion regarding the comparative treatment of Federal and Confederate prisoners of war, and were gratified at the tenor and courteous sincerity of his conversation.

He passed through the officers' floor, greeting us with much cordiality and evident sympathy. His recent arrival from France, brief residence in "Secessia," with his "wheelbarrow experience" in Fort Warren, had, no doubt, mellowed the bitterness of his Southern heart, —as we were thoroughly impressed with his kindness of manner and the interest he evinced in the details of our imprisonment and treatment.

After examination of our quarters, he said, "But little difference existed between them and those of the Confederate prisoners at Fort Warren, excepting in out-door exercise, which was imperatively needed, and, he hoped, would soon be allowed us."

He expressed his opinion that a general exchange

would speedily occur; by which remark he added a new chapter to our already voluminous text-book, "Hart on Exchange."

After conversing socially for a short time, he was passing from the building, when an officer suggested that probably he was desirous of visiting the quarters of the privates. He remarked that he had just passed through them. Upon being informed of his error,—that those he was now in belonged to the officers,—he appeared much astonished, and desired to be shown those of the privates.

He was led into the upper stories, and evinced surprise and pity at the condition and treatment of our soldiers.

During his visit to our warehouse, he expressed the following opinions:—

"That United States officers in Richmond received treatment similar to that of the Confederate privates in the North.

"That United States privates were treated much worse than Confederate privates were in the North.

"That the privateers North received every comfort possible under the circumstances.

"That the Federal hostages in Richmond jail were treated far worse than the privateers were in the North."

Mr. Faulkner has placed himself under the ban of Secession displeasure by maintaining a "masterly inactivity" on the subject of the Rebellion, since his return from the North. The Richmond press coarsely abuse him for a want of patriotism, intimating that he is at heart a "Unionist;" and Confederate officers have

declared in our prison that a shrewd "Yankee" trick had been played upon them in exchanging Mr. Faulkner for Mr. Ely,—that it inaugurated a new system of exchange, "a Yankee for a Yankee."

Union men—or, more properly, prisoners under suspicion of Union sentiments—are confined in an adjacent warehouse. The condition of our own soldiers is harrowing to the heart; but sympathy, pity, and impulsive horror are called forth by the contemplation of the treatment received by the Union men.

Taken from the backwoods, often whilst in the field at the plough, and conveyed to Richmond, without change of clothing, they are huddled together, two hundred and eighty-nine in number, in the lower room of the warehouse occupied by the Federal privates. Young boys, scarcely old enough to know what Union means, old men, ragged, unshaven, filthy, trembling with age,—in one instance totally blind,—a few so helpless that they were led about the room,—covered with vermin to such an extent that even the vermin-afflicted soldiers shun contact with them,—the ignorant and educated, the filthy and refined, are mingled in one mass of misery and stench. Nearly all are afflicted with incipient consumption, brought on by want of proper raiment and by the cold, biting draughts through the building. Two have died in their plank bunks on the prison-floor, from lack of attention and medical assistance; ten per cent. have died in the hospitals; whilst two-thirds of those taken there die in consequence of the fatal progress the disease has made previous to their removal from the prison. Many have an idiotic appearance; whilst all are ignorant of the charges

against them, but presume in every case that it is from suspicion of "Union sentiments."

A few voted the Union ticket; but many know nothing of the political causes of the war. Nearly all are entirely destitute of money, and a few so utterly dead to shame that no employment is too repulsive or degrading for them. Instances have been known where they would beg permission to hunt vermin upon a soldier's shirt for a pittance of money wherewith to buy bread.

A permanent commission was appointed by the Confederate government, to whom were referred all cases of men "under suspicion." Yet day after day passed, and they still lay in prison, without trial and without knowledge of the charges against them. By the merciful ordination of Providence, the commissioner was removed by death, and the Confederate government appointed a man who has shown that regard for humanity which, when blended with justice, constitutes the purely upright judicial.

At the present time (February 1, 1862) few Union prisoners remain in the Richmond warehouses. When brought to trial, few refused to take the oath of allegiance, and on taking the oath they were sent to their homes,—perhaps to find them in desolation and ruins.

Through all time will the foul stigma of inhumanity cling to this great rebellion, when the sad history of the Union prisoners is told by the future historian.

Union prisoners of a different character and standing are occasionally incarcerated in the prison-warehouse occupied by the officers, but generally for a very short period, as the association would yield pleasure

to Unionists, and welcome intelligence would be given to the prisoners.

During the early part of January, a wealthy and influential citizen of Richmond became an inmate of the officers' room for a few hours. His name will not be given, as he is still a resident of Richmond, and we do not wish to compromise his interests, and perhaps injure the cause he so nobly yet discreetly represents amidst the rebellious herd around him.

He is a relative of a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, and has been from the commencement of our political troubles a staunch Union man.

During his temporary absence from Richmond, his son, against the father's express desire and command, accepted a commission in the Confederate army, and previous to his confinement among us the father had been visiting his son at Manassas. Whilst there, the usual holidays of the season opened, and he had subscribed liberally in behalf of his son to an entertainment given by the officers to commemorate the *auspicious* opening of the new year.

Whilst at the social board, unconscious of the evil gathering around him, he was placed under arrest, and conveyed to Richmond, where we had the pleasure of greeting him, openly and without danger to his person, at our rough yet social mess-table. The few hours he passed in our midst impressed us with the earnest sincerity of his Union sentiments, whilst the courteous and refined urbanity of his manners rendered his society pleasing and grateful during our hours of seclusion from the "outer world."

His early removal from the warehouse caused general regret. During his brief stay, he informed us

that whilst at Manassas he was convinced that treachery was rife in high quarters of the United States Army,—that daily information passed from the Federal lines to those of the Confederates at Manassas. So convinced was he of this fact, and so thoroughly had he identified persons concerned in this treacherous villany, that measures were at once taken by a prominent officer among us to furnish the United States government with the information, which was done within ten days from the date of the Unionist's arrival in the warehouse.

He assured us of the immense amount of dissatisfaction in the rank and file of the Confederate Army; that, were it in their power, two-thirds of the Rebel army would go home: that they would do so upon the expiration of the twelve months' service, he had not the slightest doubt.

These facts, with many others relative to the Union sentiment in Richmond, were gladly received by us; for we had almost desponded of ever catching a ray of hope through the bars.

Our friend had no fears of a lengthy confinement, as he had many influential friends, among whom might be classed a few of the bitterest Rebels of Richmond. He anticipated being released in the morning; yet his hopes were realized sooner than he had expected, although in a ludicrous and singular manner.

At twilight of the day he arrived, a private carriage was observed to stop at the prison-door. A lady of fashionable and refined appearance alighted, approached the sentinel, and demanded imperatively to see our Union friend. The sentinel refused her admittance. The lady insisted in a louder tone, and a little crowd

gathered round the door, whilst the prisoners collected at the windows at the unusual sight.

Louder and louder grew the lady's voice, sterner the sentinel's, until the commandant of the post appeared.

He was immediately accosted by the lady, who demanded admission, at the same time informing him that "she was as good a Rebel as any in the States."

Upon his refusal, she again approached the sentinel, and persisted in passing. Our worthy jailer, taking her by the arm, led her to the carriage, at the same time speaking a few words in a low tone. She entered, and, in an excited voice, ordered the negro to drive home.

Turning to the sentinel, the commandant sternly ordered him to bayonet any who approached, without authority, within three feet of the door, without regard to sex, age, or position, concluding with the words, "Remember, I order you." He then quickly paced the pavement to and fro for some time, in deep thought. Finally he entered the building, and inquired for our Union friend, who passed into the office with him. In a few moments he returned for his carpet-bag, ignorant of his destination, yet surmising that he would be paroled.

We have not seen him since that moment; yet many of us judge him to be another political inmate of Richmond jail.

The prisoners are guarded according to the following regulations, copied from those posted on the walls of the prison-office:—

1st. The roll-call of prisoners will commence at

seven o'clock A.M., and the officer of the day will superintend the roll-call in person.

2d. Either the officer of the day, or of the guard, must be at the guard-room at all hours; and the guards off post are required to remain always at their quarters, ready for service.

3d. Prisoners have not permission, nor will they be allowed, to pass from floor to floor, or house to house, or be absent from the building to which they are assigned, except with the permission of the commanding officer, or officer of the day.

4th. No prisoner, whatever be his rank, will be allowed to leave the prison to which he is assigned, under any pretext whatever, without permission of the commanding officer; nor shall any prisoner be fired at by a sentinel or other person, except in case of revolt or attempted escape.*

5th. The guard, whether on post or otherwise, will have no conversation with citizens or prisoners, nor will they permit it between citizens or others and prisoners.

6th. They will not permit letters, packages, or parcels of any kind, to be sent into or out of the prisons or hospitals, without permission from the officer commanding, the surgeon, the officer of the day, or officer of the guard.

7th. They will not, under any circumstances, pass persons into or out of the prisons, except by permission of the officer commanding or officer of the day; and any person presenting a pass or permit will be directed to the commanding officer's office.

* The sentinels have killed seven and wounded three Federal prisoners, for looking out of the windows.

8th. Except in cases of special permit, the interview between visitors and prisoners must be had at office of commanding officer.

9th. All lights, except hospital's, must be extinguished at nine o'clock P.M.

10th. All prison-gates to be closed at six P.M.

11th. No visitors will be permitted to enter the prison, or have any conversation whatever with the prisoners, except by special permit of General Winder.

12th. A number of the guard will be detailed between the hours of ten A.M. and twelve o'clock M., daily, to make purchases for the prisoners. At no other time will they be permitted to leave the post.

13th. The first duty of the guard, daily, will be that of policing each floor, and the entire premises of each prison; and the officer of the day will see that this duty is rigidly performed.

14th. The firing of a single gun at night, or in the daytime, will be the signal for the immediate assembling, under arms, of the guard, excepting the sentinels on post, and, when so assembled, the officer of the guard will keep them at attention for orders.

15th. The officer of the guard is required, by frequent inspection, to see that the arms of the guard, particularly at night, are in condition for constant use.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY IN THE OFFICERS' PRISON.

AT an early hour in the morning we are aroused from our slumbers by the cry of "milk! milk!" resounding through the warehouse, and a stampede of stewards to the door, armed with tin cups and five-cent pieces, where they receive from a piebald negro the necessary fluid. This negro is one of the outside prison-associations. Who of us can ever forget the eagerness with which he seizes a half-dime, and the terseness of manner with which he refuses to barter his commodity for a five-cent shin-plaster, which is now and then tendered to him? In a few moments the milk-purchasers are joined by a more eager, yet thirsty crowd, who seek to cull from the morning papers balm for the past, hope for the future. A few heads may now be seen peering out from cotton comfortables and over-coats, and husky voices heard exclaiming, "I say, Wabash! any news about exchange?" The magic word "exchange" operates like a morning bath, refreshing and reviving; for the dullard of sleep becomes at once an animate and expectant soul. Slowly the scene becomes imbued with life. Indiana robes herself; Wisconsin, half recumbent, gazes dreamily around; Ohio arises, drawing around her the only *robe de chambre* in the building; whilst California awakes from golden dreams, donning her shabby habiliments of

woe. The scene is full of life and animation, as each representative appears upon the floor, wending his way, soap in hand, towel over shoulder, to the wash-closet. Our ablution ended, an early morning walk, as an appetizer, commences. Up and down, to and fro, at quick time, we march, avoiding tenderly the soil of a portion of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, who lie, as usual, in a dormant state. In a few moments the steward's cry of "bread!" warns us that our breakfast is nearly prepared; the quickly succeeding cry of "meat!" gathers us around our respective mess-tables. In those two monosyllabic cries is comprised the bill of fare for breakfast, dinner, and supper; though many messes who possess funds and can afford the dignity of a treasurer indulge in luxuries, such as coffee, sugar, molasses, milk, and potatoes. The writer's mess can only occasionally luxuriate in a pint of molasses and a quarter of a peck of potatoes. "Poverty hath its contentment, of which riches knoweth not,"—(TUPPER, we believe,)—yet surely the poet never imagined poverty and a prisoner of war in companionship.

As we gather around our mess-tables, many are the remarks made of home and friends. How earnestly we wish such and such loved ones could look upon our board, could partake with us this simple meal! Breakfast over, some lounge on the promenade, others resort to letter-writing. A few diligent officers have already abstracted the news, and, among other subjects, are discussing the *pros* and *cons* of a speedy exchange; and if a thoughtless editor should unfortunately have inserted in his paper a news-item about exchange, he at once inflicts upon our "Confederacy" both delight and torture,—delight at seeing the word "exchange"

in print, and torture at the indefinite nature of the item.

Standing at the north end of the room and looking south, we photograph the following picture. On the right, within reaching-distance, sit, silently engrossed in cards, a captain from Pennsylvania, and four lieutenants, respectively from Maine, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and Ohio. Farther on, two army-chaplains are quietly discussing the past, present, and future religious condition of the world in general, and, for aught we know, their own present unfortunate condition in particular. A few steps more to the right, and we find Lieutenant Peacock, of the steamer Fanny, captured by the Confederates at "Chicamacomico." He is surrounded by a colonel, a quartermaster, and a doctor, whose attention he is engrossing by an animated account of the Fanny's surprise and capture. His description is graphic, and occasionally illumined with touches of humor that convulse his audience.

Looking straight before us, we see Congressman Ely bending over his "mess-table," seemingly buried in the mass of documents around him. Every day, for hours, he is occupied with his pen, assisted by young Hale, of the Navy, (nephew to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy,) who has volunteered as his secretary. Near Mr. Ely, a lieutenant sits on a bench, busily engaged in patching a pair of seedy pantaloons, whilst another is observed acting as housemaid, washing dishes, and sweeping the floor around his mess-table.

On the left may be seen the fine, manly form and handsome face of Colonel Cogswell, of the United States Regular Army, who is pacing to and fro in deep study. Upon him devolved the command after

General Baker's death at the battle of Ball's Bluff. He is reserved, but possessed of many qualities that command respect and esteem from his prison-associates.

At the lower end of the room, we see the slight but agile figure of Colonel Lee, of the 20th Massachusetts Regiment, (taken at Ball's Bluff,) who is earnestly engaged in conversation with two visitors, one of whom is the Episcopal Bishop of Virginia, the other a divine of note from the same State. Colonel Lee has a warmth and an earnestness of manner which endear him not only to his brother-officers, but interest all who come within the sound of his genial voice. He is beloved by the junior officers of his command,—four of whom are prisoners here, having preferred to share his fate rather than desert him when the hard-fought field was lost.

Pages could be occupied in describing the varied characters within the room. Each have their distinctive grades in our social circle, yet none have caused a jar or created a discord in the good fellowship of our community.

Occasionally letters arrive from home; and then the excitement is almost painful to witness. The "Penny Post" is surrounded by an eager crowd, jostling shoulders for even a glimpse of the letters. Name after name is called, repeated, and re-echoed through the room, and the fortunate receiver is looked upon as a Crœsus. The last name is called, and sober, disappointed faces gaze wistfully into each other. Often, as the letter-carrier is leaving the room, an earnest, anxious voice may be heard, "Are you sure there is none for me?" "None for you, sir," is the reply; and the sad inquirer moves away, feeling that there is but one link left

between him and home,—the consolation of affection in his own strong heart. Those who receive letters are surrounded by the disappointed, who gladly absorb news from the North through any channel that reminds them of their own firesides.

It is one o'clock, and dinner-hour. As we draw near our "mess-table," we find that a jovial wag has pasted on the wall the following bill of fare:—

HOTEL DE YANKEE.

BREAKFAST.

Fried Liver, "with crumbs."
 Liver Fried.
 Coffee,—when purchased by boarders.
 Tea,— " " "
 Bread.
 Black Bread.
 Water-Soakers.
 Dry Toast "over gas-light."

DINNER.

Boiled Beef.
 Beef Boiled, "Secesh à la mode."
 Hoe-Cake, made with boarder's meal.
 Roast Beef,—if you can beg any from outsiders.
 Tomatoes and Potatoes,—if you purchase them.
 White Bread.
 Stale "
 Annual Pudding,—"only made once a year."

SUPPER.

Codfish Fried,—if bought and sent to cook.
 Cold Boiled Beef.
 Boiled Beef, turned over seven or eight times.
 Cold Coffee, warmed over.
 Bread, } sure.
 Water, }

Gentlemen will find this a first-class hotel; and it is kept on a Southern plan. The beds are well aired,—if

taken care of by the boarder himself. All extra meals can be sent to the boarder's room,—if purchased by him outside of the hotel. The proprietor earnestly requests that no money be given to servants, as he pays and clothes them liberally for their services.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Proprietor.*

This bill of fare comprises the entire delicacies of our hotel. But a more practical illustration of our daily diet is as follows, viz. (the messes being numbered according to amount of funds in treasury:) Mess No. 1, bread, beef, and water; No. 2, bread, beef, and pint bottle of molasses; No. 3, bread, beef, and butter; No. 4, bread, beef, butter, and molasses; No. 5, bread, beef, butter, coffee, and potatoes; Nos. 6 to 10 inclusive, bread, beef, butter, coffee, molasses, and potatoes. Simple as this fare is, wanting delicacies and condiments, we have become thorough epicures, and challenge Anacreon from his shades by the delicate skill with which we discuss the tender qualities of sirloins, ribs, chucks, and shins of beef daily set before us; and we assure our friends who imagine that living skeletons are the inhabitants of the officers' prison in Richmond, that as each hour passes its sluggish length away, so grows our substance, if not our strength.

The officers taken at Ball's Bluff are all getting fat: yet it is not upon the goodly things of "Secession," but rather from the rich storehouse of vivacious and buoyant spirits. Dinner over, the promenade is again the resort of many. The promenade is twenty feet long by six feet in width; yet, by a nice system of pilotage between mess-tables, benches, and beds, a few of us can manage to prolong our walk around the

entire room. Whist, reading, writing, and conversation occupy the afternoon. Supper is generally accomplished as per "bill of fare."

When evening comes, every eye seems to brighten and every heart to gladden with social familiarity and jovial converse. Over in that corner a cluster of young officers are culling scenes of college-life from the garner-house of memory. How their hearty roars of laughter make the old prison echo, until the bare walls appear to freshen with the sound and look less grim! Old walls, ye have held no warmer hearts than these. Desolate and sad are ye to look upon; yet ere long ye will be one of the links to chain the past to our memories.

Around the stove are gathered a knot of officers, who are sketching grim incidents of war, narrow escapes, cunning escapades, precipitate retreats, and heroic charges. The scenes are laid amidst the mountain-ranges of Western Virginia, the bluffs and plains of the Upper Potomac, the rolling hills of Centreville, and the blood-ploughed fields of Manassas. On the latter many of the officers were wounded. A few of them lay upon the field for forty-eight hours, without food, water, or blanket,—with bleeding limbs, and mangled and dying companions around them, whose cries of agony come moaning to-night around their hearts, and whose death-struggles are vivid in every flash of thought to that fatal field. How deep the interest shown in these sad details! how closely that little crowd draw around the earnest speaker! With glistening eye and mellowed heart, they absorb the sadness of his own, as he sketches, with painful experience, the harrowing scenes of the battle-field when the struggle

is over. Yet as the same officer, in glowing language, depicts the wild charge, the rattle of musketry, the echoing thunder-boom of artillery, the rout, the capture, and the victory, see how every eye burns and flashes, every feature starts into life, and every voice commingles in the wild enthusiasm!

The old room resounds, during the evening, with the chorus of the prison-song:—

“Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let the poor prisoner go home, go home!”

Sixty voices blend in the rolling notes, with an earnest, hearty will that causes the shivering sentry to start, shrieking out, “Corporal of the guard!” The passer-by stops and peeps through the bars, the negro cooks cluster around the outer door, and the young officer of the day looks in, at a loss how to act. Indifferent to all, the chorus swells, until every nook and corner of the old warehouse is filled with the melody. We have many fine voices among us, and during the evening may be heard songs of sentiment, patriotism, and humor, wild glees of college and bivouac life, “Benny Havens O!”—the resort and reminiscence of West-Pointers; and, as the evening closes, we often raise the sweet, plaintive notes of “Home, Sweet Home,” in which every heart, if not voice, mingles,—it may be sadly, yet with tender earnestness.

At nine o'clock the officer of the day looks in, and commands, “Lights out!” Cots are put in position for the night, books are closed, ink-bottles, pen, and paper placed in our general reservoir,—the window-sill,—the lights are turned down, groups gather closer together, in an under-tone stories are told and impromptu enigmas and conundrums given, and the little band does

not disperse for an hour or two. Gradually all becomes quiet.

It is a strange and solemn sight, to look around the room where sixty human beings are sleeping within a prison's walls. The dense—almost stifling—silence awes the senses. Could we but gather the dreams of all, what a volume would be unfolded of agony, love, hope, and despair! Solemn and silent the night passes on,—unvaried except by the rough tramp or hoarse challenge of the sentinel at the outer door.

CHAPTER IV.

▲ DAY IN THE PRIVATES' PRISON.

(From the Diary of Sergeant A. P. SCHURZ, Col. Baker's Cal. Reg.)

November 10, 1861.—Having no bed but the hard floor, and no covering but our wearing-apparel, the cold air this morning was all-sufficient to arouse us early and cause an extra promenade of the floor to warm up the blood. Taking an early start, I deemed it possible to get down to the yard and wash before roll-call, and had so far succeeded as to be within two of getting out. At this critical moment (to me) the Rebel officers came in, and, in no very respectful manner, ordered all hands up-stairs. Nothing but an unreasoning obedience is permitted with these gentlemen, and, with any thing but pleasant feelings, I returned.

This diurnal duty of roll-call being accomplished, another rush was made for the steps, and, although going at "double-quick," I came in line some twenty-five to the rear. Only two being allowed out at a time, and they staying as long as possible, nearly an hour had elapsed ere I had completed my morning ablutions. The authorities here not being remarkable for their sagacity, or else being careless of any convenience afforded, seem to think *one pump* sufficient for the uses of five hundred men. We endure it, but not good-humoredly.

After our wash, instead of having nice linen towels,

we appropriate our coat-tails and shirt-sleeves,—which I judge improved but little our appearance in the way of cleanliness.

By this time it was eight A. M., and our room was all astir. It were folly for us to think of a meal we once knew by the name of breakfast, for it seemed as though the *fast* would never *break*; and the next important question that presented itself was, how to pass the time.

In one corner of the room, a member of Colonel Baker's California Regiment had a morning paper, and crowded around him were perhaps fifty, endeavoring to hear the news. I certainly was among the number, and discovered that the destination of the "Yankee fleet" and abuse of the "Hessians" generally constituted the burden of the song chimed by the "Richmond Dispatch." The news being devoured, and the prospects of being set to work on Rebel intrenchments, or of being hung, having received a full discussion by groups assembled here and there, an hour was spent in dreamy idleness, when suddenly a cry of "Bread on the first floor!" rang through the room. Delightful intelligence to men who had eaten nothing for sixteen and a half hours, and then only half as much as they wanted! In a few minutes the bread arrived upon the floor, and, being divided into our respective squads, the half-loaf—weighing perhaps five ounces—was distributed to each.

The avidity with which each man gnawed his crust was ample evidence of his hunger. But a few moments elapsed before we received our allowance of boiled beef without salt; yet the bread by this time, in many cases, was all devoured. Breakfast being over, a sporting crowd, composed of members of the 1st California, 15th and 20th Massachusetts, seated themselves

on our only chair (the floor) and engaged in an exciting game of "penny poker;" others pitched pennies, played euchre, draughts, &c. But the main portion would for a while gaze out on the capital of Rebeldom, and then, taking the floor for a stool, sit like "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief." In retired spots could be seen the more thoughtful, perusing with manifest delight a Bible or Testament, rendered doubly sacred by being the last token of the affection of a doting parent or loving sister.

Looking upon these scenes, in such a situation, the feelings that fill a man's bosom are indescribable. It is here that we feel the loss of home comforts, our jovial associates, and all we once held dear; but "Hope is our sheet-anchor," and buoys up the unconquerable American's spirit.

From twelve M. to four P.M. another important duty must be performed, and, as all hands are deeply interested, we participate with a lively interest. Our combined effort is, therefore, a war of extermination on "the defenseless" vermin, which have become so numerous and extremely annoying that an existence mingled with any happiness must result not only in "subjugating" these pestiferous devils, but completely "crushing them out."

Our sentinels keep a vigorous look-out that we do not get our heads out of the windows and thereby get a snuff of fresh air; or, if we should happen to transgress thus much upon God's atmosphere from a third-story window, he waits not to warn us, but, without any scruples, does his utmost to be the "death of a d—d Yankee." We had a practical illustration of their feelings to-day, by being fired at while gazing out of a closed window. The bullet missed the

head of a comrade by only a few inches, and passed through the roof. It is needless to add that the sentinel was considered a "brave" by his ignorant and brutal comrades.

The time intervening between a meal nominally known as breakfast and that of supper, is about seven and a half hours, which brings supper (we have no dinner) at seven P.M. Besides our delicate five ounces of bread, we are then favored with a half-pint of soup, made from the fat extracted from the boiled beef eaten in the morning, with a slight mixture of Indian meal. At the hour mentioned, six dirty buckets full of this delicacy are brought us by the darkey prisoners under guard. The appointed sergeant deals out each little mite, and a very short time suffices to finish our not very sumptuous repast.

Cards being scarce, only a few can indulge in that delightful amusement; and various are the means devised for the evening's entertainment. This evening we were treated with songs both comic and pathetic, tragic scenes by those who had at some time figured in some capacity on the stage in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York, and ending with extemporaneous speeches on subjects better calculated to amuse than to instruct. The "universal Yankee" is undoubtedly here, and he is determined to make prison-life as endurable and pleasant as circumstances and the Rebels will permit.

CHAPTER V.

PURSUITS AND PASTIMES.

As the first blush of morning streams through the bars, a short, robust officer may be seen wending his way to the door. Returning, paper in hand, he sits on his cot, and the first volume of "Hart on Exchange" is opened. As the morning freshens, and sleepers awake, voices from all parts of the room are blended in the one cry:—"Say, Wabash! any news about exchange?" To each and all a happy reply is given, mingled with hope and consolation adapted to each case.

The subject animates the room, and many now appear sitting up in their beds, prepared for the first and most important duty of the day. Can we ever forget its solemn and impressive obligations, its mysteries and its cares, or its satisfaction, though of a melancholy nature? Long years may pass; the old warehouse may moulder and fall into ruins, the voices of "Secessia" be hushed forever; but, old companions in prison, can we ever forget the early-morning hour devoted to the solemn task of "crumb"-hunting? Above us are two stories, closely packed with privates, who, without washing-facilities or change of clothing, are infested with vermin, a few of which we receive through the seams of the plank ceiling.

The employment, though repulsive, is imperative; yet the usual wantonness of humor that characterizes

our social circle blends with the duty hilarious freaks of fun and frolic.

After breakfast, washing of clothes is the order of the day. With coats off, sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, soap in hand, bucket on bench, many a poor fellow may be seen rubbing, scrubbing, grumbling, hands sore, shoulders aching, tugging away at his soiled under-clothing. He realizes for the first time in his life the domestic importance of wash-day at home.

Clothes are to be mended, buttons to be sewed on; and the busy tailors may be observed in every conceivable position throughout the room. Yonder officer manipulates a needle. See how awkward he is! He is sewing a button on his coat: now he has sewn the skin of his thumb to the cloth, now he pricks his finger, now pulls the thread from the needle. But—agony on agony!—see him threading that needle. Now he has it!—no:—try again, misses it;—try again—yes, surely he hit it then:—alas, no! and his steward comes up and threads it for him. That young lieutenant on his right is putting a patch of red flannel on his blue pantaloons. Surely he has invented a new stitch, for they are diagonal, oblong, angular, up-and-down, sideways and backwards; and the patch—ladies, did you ever hear of such a thing?—is put on bias and octagonal! When he reaches home, that patch will become one of the household treasures. How the old women will make it one of the mysteries of a tea-drinking! “See, here is a patch my boy Jimmie sewed on in ‘Richmond prison,’ ” his fond old mother will say, holding the unmentionables up before a knot of admiring friends.

From old blankets nice pantaloons grow,—a prison-

adage as infallible as the school-boy's "From little acorns great," &c. ; and the scientific lord of the scissors and thread is observed bending over his "mess"-table, whereon is spread a blanket, from which he quickly produces a unique garment known as the R. P. A. style. In one day the cloth is cut, the body fitted, and the garment on. Who can imagine the pride felt by the wearer as he paces up and down "our promenade"? What cares he for blockades in time of war, for high tariffs in time of peace? Is he not the living emblem of the energy and skill of home manufacture? He would not exchange that earnest glow of pride, as he beholds the result of the cunning of his own hand, for the wildest enthusiasm of delight that the *petit-maître* feels as he dons his latest Parisian suit. Caps, coats, pants, vest, ay, and shirts, spring up under the versatile genius of the R. P. A. ; and the happiest hours of prison-life are those spent in producing some necessary article of clothing, or in carving from wood or bone a fancy trinket to serve in future years as a memento of prison-association.

As the day wears on, whist, backgammon, &c. cause the hours to pass pleasantly away. Old friends at the whist-table, let me recall the quiet comfort of our friendly sittings,—the cosy corner, the social pipe, the quaint and erratic talk of Ives, the brusque and honest Vassall, Kerns the free and generous.

What means that gathering crowd of vivacious questioners closing round our facetious friend the sandy-haired, robust officer? Drawing near, we find before us the text-book of the prison, "Hart on Exchange,"—the second volume opened, from the erudite pages of which are drawn the source of all argument

and social life within the walls. "Did a Confederate officer alight at the door?" "What did he want?" "What mean such and such news-items seen in the morning papers?" "Will the United States government release the Hatteras prisoners?" "When will the Hon. Mr. Ely be sent home?" "Will Faulkner be exchanged for him?" All are answered from that book,—the walking encyclopedia of exchange,—the Alpha and Omega of our prison doctrines, hopes, and fondest expectations. Its pleasant pages are often perused during the day; and if our meditations become gloomy, or the promenade tedious, we resort for comfort and support under affliction to that great book, "Hart on Exchange."

The reading of the morning papers forms one of the pursuits—indeed, pastimes—of the day. From their columns we derive all our information; yet we have found them unreliable as mediums of facts, and anger-blinded reasoners on the great questions of the time. The supercilious arrogance of temporary success causes their columns to teem with vaunts and derisive comparisons. For the perusal of our Pennsylvania friends and soldiers, we transcribe the following editorial from the "Richmond Dispatch," October 29, 1861:—

"PRIZE OUTFIT.

"The Yankee papers are making a great to-do about an importation of army-clothing for seventy thousand men, from France. It is the most magnificent outfit ever seen. The Yankees will be as fine as fiddles, and worth taking for their clothes if not for their own stinking carcasses. In the importation are two prize outfits for the two best companies in the service. One of these has

been awarded to a Pennsylvania company, which is pronounced to be the finest company of the finest brigade of the finest division of the Grand Army. This award, if we had no other information, would satisfy us as to the true character of that army. When Pennsylvanians are the best, we know how to rate the rest. There never has been any good fighting by Pennsylvanians since the foundation of the government; and we don't believe in miracles. In all wars that we have had, they have been proverbial for their *awkwardness, stupidity, and cowardice*. We do not doubt but they deserve the reputation, and will preserve it to the end of all time."

Imagine, brother Pennsylvanians, the feelings of your compeers in awkwardness, stupidity, and cowardice, as they sat behind the bars and read the foregoing article. Glancing up from the paper, we behold a regiment of Virginia volunteers marching past; we hear their derisive shouts, their fiendish yells of delight, their voices screaming, "You infernal Yankees, we are going to catch more of you!" We behold yon chivalrous officer, at the head of his men, with a taunting smile on his lip, and a gleam of hatred from his eye; and though we may be awkward, stupid, and cowardly, yet, thank God, we are not brutes, nor do we revile the unfortunate.

The following is clipped from an article on President Lincoln's message:—"They [the "Yanks"] produce nothing which is not better produced by others, and they only outstrip the rest of mankind in knavish tricks and worthless notions. '*Let them rip.*'"

The refined elegance of the latter expression must

adapt it to the cultivated tastes of Richmond society, or else it would not have been inserted in the *government organ*. The truth is, that Secession appears to have let loose the flood-gates of foul language; for the disgusting editorials on public questions, and the filthy abuse of private quarrels, (often published in the papers,) force us to believe that the refined essence of the F. F. V. has departed forever.

(Extract from the "Richmond Enquirer," Dec. 10, 1861.)

"The last intelligence that has reached us from Fort Warren represented Mr. Faulkner to be trundling a wheelbarrow of wood, and the Yankees very much delighted with the sight. A great man struggling with adversity is, according to a very ancient authority, 'a spectacle for the gods.' A gentleman performing the menial drudgery of life affords a spectacle very grateful to the malignant and envious feelings of demons in the guise of *vulgar Yankees*. No doubt they contemplate a genuine F. F. V. in destitution and rags with intense delight: it gratifies all the envy of gentility which is one of their distinguishing characteristics."

Within a felon's cell of Richmond prison lies an old man, his crime a soldier's life and a soldier's patriotism. A few months since, he gladdened a thousand hearts by the free and chivalric bearing of his daily life,—at home an honored and revered citizen, abroad, upon the bluffs of the Potomac, a gallant and heroic soldier. He lies now in Richmond prison, debarred from the society of friends and companions, performing daily the "menial drudgeries" of prison-life. His name—Colonel Lee, of the 20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

The following are a few of the epithets bestowed upon the "Yankees" by the papers from day to day:—"Low, vulgar, and disgusting habitudes of the Yankees;" "shrewd, tricky, knavish, sordid, impudent, and coarse;" "unsafe and unfit associates for gentlemen;" "Southern feeling is averse to every thing Yankee;" "social and moral inferiority;" "animated by envy, hate, and revengeful resentment, which vulgarians and serfs, unrestrained by fear of the lash, instinctively entertain and indulge in towards gentlemen;" "a Southern gentleman feels his gentility and respectability soiled by association with the Wilsons, Sumners, and Swards;" "talk through the nose, and stink of onions and codfish;" "no hope for a lasting peace until these Yankee insurrectionists against their social masters are properly corrected and taught to keep their proper places."

The following extract from an edition of the "Richmond Whig," Saturday, December 28, 1861, is presented as the culminating-point of abuse and filth, and especially for the perusal of those who estimate the Southern character as the *beau-ideal* of refinement in social life. The "Whig" is one of the most influential papers in Richmond. It is the government organ, and its circulation extends into families where a white man demeaned by manual labor can never enter.

"QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY.

"About 1850, when that great northeastern deluge, of which mention has been made, swept over our commonwealth and laid waste our long-cherished institutions, it was very much the fashion for the 'dear friends of the people' to hold up the 'Yankees' as the models of

every virtue. They were the thriftiest, the shrewdest, the 'cutest, the most enterprising, the most industrious, and the most money-getting people in the world. But their wealth, their stinginess, their venality, their dexterity in swindling and unscrupulousness in lying, all paled before their unmatchable fecundity.

“Behold how they multiply. They are as multitudinous as the stars in the heavens or the sands on the sea-shore. Malthus—never a favorite with the sentimentalist, though teeming with the profoundest wisdom—was universally discarded as a charlatan and humbug. The great Yankee nation, which doubled itself every five years, was the true example of all political science, and the only model of national greatness.

* * * * *

“But they multiply,—the only scriptural precept they obey,—and boast their millions. So do the Chinese; so do the aphidæ, and all the other pests of the animal kingdom. Pull the bark from a decayed log, and you will see a mass of maggots, full of vitality, in constant motion and eternal gyration, crawling over one another, creeping under one another, all precisely alike, all intently engaged in preying upon one another; and you have an apt illustration of Yankee numbers, Yankee equality, and Yankee prowess.”

Turning from this disgusting article, portions of which are too indecent for these pages, we perused with relief the following one, feeling assured that our barefooted and nearly naked prisoners would ere long receive the benefit of the increasing industry and ingenuity of the Southern ladies:—

“From a Lady of Norfolk to President Davis.

“I send to President Davis a pair of socks, knit entirely of the curls taken from my little pet, a lap-dog. I send them as a slight evidence of Southern independence and home manufacture, both of which every Southern heart should endeavor to obtain and encourage. With every wish for your future health and happiness, I remain, very respectfully, yours,

“MISS S. C. PANNELL.”

EDITORIAL REMARKS.—“The ladies of the South are showing a praiseworthy determination to turn every thing to account. It gives us pleasure to notice these evidences of *what the people are doing* to thwart the inconveniences of the blockade.”

Often, whilst absorbed in reading such articles as the foregoing, we are startled by the cry, “Look out for your beds!” Jumping up, we discover little puddles of dirty, tobacco-stained water around the floor, whilst from the plank ceilings above it is dripping down, regardless of mattresses, clean under-clothing, sixty-cent butter, or twenty-cent sugar: all suffer alike. Every one rushes to his private property: gathering it up, he runs around, seeking a protected corner to shelter it and him; and lucky is he who escapes without a bespattered uniform, or face ornamented with tobacco-juice. It is scrubbing-day above, and the water soaks through the seams of the floor, which are filled with tobacco.

One of the most important duties attendant upon prison-life is the purchase of articles necessary for comfort and health. For this purpose, a negro is placed at our disposal, to whom egress and ingress are allowed

at all hours of the day. An officer, let it be supposed, desires to purchase a woollen shirt, one pair woollen drawers, two pair woollen stockings, one pair cassinet pants,—all of them of the same quality as those furnished by the United States government to the privates in the army. After waiting patiently for a day or two before he can catch the darkey, he at last secures him, places in his hands twenty dollars in gold, with a memorandum of the articles, and away the darkey starts. Next day, perhaps in the afternoon, he returns with the following bill:—One woollen shirt, \$4.25; one pair woollen drawers, \$4.00; two pair woollen stockings, \$1.50; one pair cassinet pants, \$9.00. Total, \$18.75. (Cost in the Federal States, \$6.65.) The change—\$1.25—is returned to the officer in the following notes, many of them faded and torn:—One bill Corporation of Richmond, 50 cents; one bill Corporation of Petersburg, 25 cents; one bill Farmers' and Savings Bank, 10 cents; one bill Corporation of Winchester, 10 cents; one bill Corporation of Frederick, 5 cents; one bill Confederate House, (tavern-bill, private issue,) 10 cents; two bills Southern Exchange, (private issue,) 15 cents. Total, eight notes, \$1.25.

This is a matter of daily occurrence; and, as a newcomer among us receives a roll of bills too extensive for his pocket-book, it is amusing to see his stare of wonder and surprise. Slowly he unfolds the roll, smooths them out and scans them one by one,—looks at the darkey, then at the nearest prisoner, who perhaps comes to his rescue, informing him that it is good “Secesh” money,—that four of those notes will buy him a pound of sugar, or ten of them will purchase a quire of tolerably good writing-paper.

When the darkey makes his appearance in a store, he is immediately recognized as the agent of the Yankee prisoners: the tariff goes up, and gold is expected in payment for his purchases. Distressed as are the residents of Richmond by speculators and the blockade, the poor Yankee suffers still more; for the negro makes his profit, as well as the storekeeper. Yet the Confederate soldier fares as badly as the Yankee, according to the following extract from a Centreville (Va.) camp-letter published in a Richmond paper:—

“By paying five prices for the article, you obtain any thing in the market, from sardines to stove-polish. Oysters arrive every night, fresh from the shell,—‘only \$1.00 per quart;’ boots, \$25.00 per pair, &c.”

We are assured that all the specie circulating in Richmond is distributed by the Yankee prisoners. It commands fifty per cent. premium. Of course we receive none when our purchases are made.

The inconvenience of the rubbish called “currency” is thus ludicrously illustrated by the Norfolk correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch “Bohemian,” captured at Roanoke:—

“DO YOU CALL THIS MONEY?

“Leaning over the counter, a volunteer was endeavoring to reckon the change just paid out by the sleek-haired clerk. Before him lay a quantity of mutilated bills, ragged and dirty pieces of paper, bits of cardboard, printed checks, a few copper pennies, milk-tickets, postage-stamps, and other interesting specimens of the present outrageous ‘coin of the realm.’ Over and over again the puzzled volunteer essayed to count the pile of outrageous currency, and over and

over again he failed to find it satisfactory. It was too much for his rustic arithmetic; the problem was too much to solve upon only ten fingers. The bystanders laughed. The money was spread out upon a showcase, as young ladies lay cards upon a table in telling fortunes, and the soldier stood before it, searchingly examining every piece. 'Do you call this money?' he asked, taking up a small yellow parallelogram looking very like the brass card on the top of a sardine-box; 'Do you call this money?' (holding up an advertisement of fine Havana cigars;) 'and this?' (a bill for fifteen cents, in which some weak-minded printer had gone raving mad in different kinds of type.) 'Good for one shave,' (reading slowly;) 'Dick the barber.' 'Do you call this money?' The sleek-haired clerk was puzzled also. 'It will pass all over town: indeed it will, sir.' Once more the soldier scrutinized the ragged and incongruous pile, and, grasping it in one hand, soliloquized, 'So this is money?—money, eh? I call it stuff! Why, a man might hold his hand full, and then have but thirty-seven and a half cents money!"'

Occasionally we call a meeting of the Association to while away the time in discussion and frolicsome speeches from the members.

Previous to the arrival within the precincts of Secessia of the officers captured at Ball's Bluff, a ceremony of unusual importance and solemn detail was performed by the Association,—the presentation of a sword and sash to one of its most distinguished civilian members, as a token of their lofty esteem and unqualified laudation of his high courage and unparalleled strategic movements on the bloody field of Manassas.

With due decorum, and in silence, the Association organized. Men were there whose spurs had been won amid the rolling hills of Centreville, the gorges of Western Virginia, and upon the bluffs of the Potomac,—to whom the strife of war was familiar as a nursery-tale, whose scarred features bore the marks of Southern blades, and whose stalwart hearts still thirsted for the fierce encounter,—gentlemen, soldiers, and veterans, who met to render homage to military talent, as displayed by the heroic and distinguished civilian, the honored guest of the evening.

Amidst a deep silence and attentive expectation, the chairman, Captain Cox of Ohio, of the committee to whom had been intrusted the presentation of the testimonial, arose, and tendered the gift in the following language:—

“Sir, I have the honor of presenting to you, in the name of the R. P. A., these costly tokens of their high appreciation of your valuable services to our army on the plains of Manassas; and, sir, I will take this occasion to state that in the selection of myself for this purpose the Association has been extremely fortunate; for, sir, whether selected to wield this weapon against our country’s foes, or to present it to one so nobly deserving as yourself, I acknowledge but few equals, and no superiors. (Immense applause.) Sir, in presenting to you this sword, the Association feels that it will ever be wielded in defence of your country’s cause; and although the material is *wood*, and it may not be so neatly made nor so handsomely ornamented as some you have seen, yet, sir, this Association believes that, for all the purposes for which you will be called upon to use a sword, this will answer as well as any

other. You will see, sir, by the peculiar half-circle shape of this beautiful blade, that it is well adapted to fighting from behind a tree,—thus typifying the skill you have shown whilst at bay behind that old oak-tree three miles from the battle-field." (Applause.)

Here the speaker drew out an elaborate sash, manufactured from an old hemp rope found in the warehouse. "And, sir, accompanying the sword is this superb sash, which, although of different material from that ordinarily used, we assure you is a very substantial one; and, believing you to be a man of destiny, we think it indicative of the fate that awaits you." (Great sensation, amidst which the speaker took his seat.)

The honored guest of the Association here arose, and, when silence was restored, thus addressed the meeting:—

"Gentlemen of the R. P. A., it is with feelings of the deepest emotion that I arise to address you on this momentous occasion. (Applause.) Allow me to thank you, gentlemen, for these tokens of your kind regards. The gentleman, in alluding to the shape of this sword, said—and, I thought, rather ironically—that it was adapted to fighting from behind a tree, alluding, I suppose, to the fact that I took shelter from the shot and shell of the enemy at Bull Run. In so doing, I but followed the example of the immortal General Jackson, and other brave and distinguished men, in appropriating to my use the most secure and convenient shelter. If the gentleman means to insinuate that cowardice induced me to take that position, it is a false and ungentlemanly assertion,—one for which I will hold him personally responsible." (Sensation.)

The chairman of the committee here arose and ex-

plained:—"He was sorry the gentleman had so construed his remarks: he certainly meant nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he admired the gentleman's prudence and discretion."

The honored guest resumed:—"The gentleman's allusion to the sash, as indicative of the fate that awaits me, is not calculated to produce pleasant sensations; but, gentlemen, I am ever ready, if need be, like Regulus at the gates of Rome, to offer up my life for the good of my country, let the sacrifice come in whatever shape it may." Amidst immense applause, the honored guest took his seat.

The meeting then adjourned, and the Association went to bed.

Companions, will you ever forget Sunday, February 17, 1862,—the day to be remembered for rumors and *sells*? For weeks we had expected to receive from the Confederate War Department a list of officers to be sent North, through a flag of truce, and for hours daily we had discussed excitedly the chances of each. What rumors! Yesterday, fifteen second lieutenants only were to go; to-day, six captains, five first lieutenants, and only four second lieutenants; the next, none knew what grade, how many, or who. We were in a perfect tumult of expectation for days,—rumors upon rumors, *sells* upon *sells*.

"Winder's aid just arrived at the prison-office," caused us to run to the window in crowds, only to see a fat negro dismounting from a lean horse. "All the officers were to go North, for Secretary Stanton had ordered General Wool to exchange the Roanoke

officers," came like a balmy breeze upon heated hearts and brows.

What an excitement was created by the prison-clerk's coming in and getting the rank of all the officers! How we crowded around him, jostling and elbowing to catch a sight of his book! Going out for a few minutes, he returned, and commenced calling the officers' names. One-half of us thought it was a list of those who were to be released. What a rejoicing smile lit up the face of each man as his name was called! At last the list is through, and we are told it is merely a list to send to General Winder.

Every minute the door would creak on its hinges. Surely the list is come. What causes the delay? Confound the Confederate red tape!

How the "Bull-Runners" strutted about, full of bread, beef, and certainty! The "Leesburgers'" countenances mirrored hope and fond expectations. Excitement increased daily and hourly. Exchange was breakfast, dinner, and supper.

So Sunday came,—our day for surprises and releases. Rumors afloat, freighted with delight and terror. Read them. Here they are:—

No. 1. Federal reverses at Fort Donelson; seventeen gun-boats sunk, and ten thousand Federal prisoners.

No. 2. All the Federal officers south of Richmond arrived at Norfolk, for exchange.

No. 3. Mrs. Greenough to be exchanged for Federal Captain L—.

No. 4. Her daughter Rose to be exchanged for our "Madam," Lieut. And—, of our warehouse.

No. 5. The entire Federal army on the Potomac advancing with lassos, to capture a Confederate cap-

tain of cavalry to exchange for Captain T—, of the United States cavalry, now in confinement vile at Richmond.

No. 6. Federal gun-boats said to be captured at Fort Donelson to be exchanged for Federal colonels.

No. 7. Federal skiffs do. do. for second-lieutenants.

No. 8. Confederate "horse-marines," taken at Roanoke, to be exchanged for Federal cavalry at Richmond.

No. 9. Marshal Kane's police, of Baltimore, to be exchanged for hostages.

No. 10. All the Federal officers in the warehouse invited to attend Captain O. Jennings Wise's funeral.

No. 11. General Winder's aid just arrived at the prison-office with list of Federal officers released.

The eleventh rumor came like a thunderbolt. Kerns, who had been assured by Confederate officials of his release, received the news first.

It came from one of the officers of the prison, who told him through the bars. Joy and sadness, despair and ecstasy, came with it. Condensed, it was as follows: "Kerns's name was not on it, but Captains T— and L— headed the list. Both White and Glover, old residents of the warehouse, and Bull-Runners, were omitted."

What an effect it had upon all! Poor Kerns! look at him. There he sits at his "mess-table," digging away in desperation at the pine table with his jack-knife. He talks to no one. Sympathizer after sympathizer comes up to him: he heeds them not.

Captain L—, with a solemn oath of honor, pledges his interest for him when he gets to Washington,—swears he will go to the President, see Schuyler Colfax

and every Congressman in Washington, spend his whole furlough there, and stick to Lincoln until he gets a written discharge for a "Secesh" lieutenant from Fort Warren. He will then go to the fort and bring the "Secesh" to Fortress Monroe himself, and see him shipped to Norfolk for Kerns.

Generous L——! inconsolable Kerns! who will say nothing but—"I want to be a hostage : I never expect to get home again."

The excitement is wild all over the room. Feverish groups discuss it, wondering who else is chosen, and hoping for their own chances. G——, a Bull-Runner who expected to go, tries to appear indifferent, but it is with a wry face and bitter heart. W—— and his sympathizers have their heads together, cursing the Confederates and anathematizing the Federal authorities.

Captain L——, one of the lucky ones, is perfectly brilliant with joy, promising all to move earth and the President to accomplish their early release.

T—— smiles with exuberance of delight,—is reading Maryatt upside down. No, no, T——; you are perfectly saturated with joy, if you do try to hide it. Look, T——, at poor Kerns, as he sits slashing away at his "mess-table." You are a lucky dog, T——, and Kerns is a poor devil of misfortune and disappointment.

At night a list is circulated through the room, containing the names of those chosen for release, and congratulations resound, and the tumult increases, until every heart on the floor is at fever-heat. Suddenly it becomes known that the events of this day have been a complete succession of *sells*, concocted and developed by Kerns and his coterie of wits and jokers. And the last *sell*, complete and perfect, sends us to bed to commise-

rate our worthy Captains T—— and L——, who still persist in believing in the authenticity of the list, although it was written by a brother-prisoner within arm's-length of them.

The privates in an adjoining warehouse have organized a dramatic association, and, with the assistance of their officers, have been enabled to purchase a drop-curtain, scenes, and other stage-fixtures.

On Christmas night they presented "Rob Roy" and a farce "written for the occasion" by the manager. But one officer was allowed to attend, who, on his return, represented the performance to have been of an excellent character and the farce overflowing with prison-hits and comic burlesque. In connection with the theatre they have an admirable glee-club, whose cultivated voices often cause the evening on the officers' floor to pass pleasantly and swiftly away.

In our dreamy walks to while away the day we have succeeded in ascertaining that in the floor of our room there are just two hundred and eighty-eight planks and in the ceiling eighty-four joists; and we doubt not that some of us can tell the number of nails driven or the bricks used in the structure of the first floor of our warehouse.

As night wears on, we gather around the cot of our expositor of exchange, and consult the oracle concerning our future hopes and destinies: the volume is opened, and we review the market for the past week, which often presents the following record:—

RICHMOND PRISON EXCHANGE MARKET,

For the week ending Saturday, January 4, 1862.

Sunday.—Firm, yet quiet.

Monday.—Excited and feverish.

Tuesday.—Buoyant; prices advancing.

Wednesday.—Perfectly wild; every man, woman, and child in the North holds scrip. Rumors of government investing.

Thursday.—Moderating.

Friday.—Dull and weak

Saturday.—Market flat.

Silently we close the great book, and the second and last volume of "Hart on Exchange" is locked up in—sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

PRISON-INCIDENTS.

WE are occasionally called upon to bid adieu to our brother-officers, who, at the desire of President Davis, journey to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and other localities, for the purpose of establishing branches of the Richmond Prison Association; and many earnest talkers may be heard around the room, debating the probabilities there of good quarters, gentle treatment, and obliging and courteous commanding officers.

The greater number have volunteered, any change, to them, being preferable to the dull routine and unvarying sameness of Richmond prison-life, while many prefer to remain here, realizing that the change will only add zest to imprisonment for a few days,—as

“Iron bars in any clime
Oppress the eagle soul alike.”

A few of the departing officers have been chosen by the Confederate authorities for the obnoxious expression of their Northern sentiments. A captain from New York, at the last meeting of the R. P. A., drew around him the Star-Spangled Banner too fiercely in his speech; and a lieutenant from Pennsylvania spoke of McClellan's speedy advance on Richmond, with allusions to the growth of hemp and its adaptation to Rebel necks.

They both go to Tuscaloosa, where, according to Confederate report, the population is scanty, and "not to be corrupted, even by the Yankees."

A meeting of the Association is called. Hats off, silent and orderly, we gather in the western section of the room. Upon a mess-table is placed a chair, and, with the assistance of the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Page, the honorable President (from Manassas) is duly mounted. Our sturdy Vice-President (from the rocky defiles of Western Virginia) sits cross-legged at the feet of the President. The venerable Secretary (from Bull Run) is at his table. Our clerical Sergeant-at-Arms (another unfortunate Bull-Runner) is on the President's right; while the Page (sad relic of Chicama-comico) stands ready for his varied duties.

The President announces that the object of the meeting is to bid farewell to our brother-officers who, on the morrow, part from us for the purpose of reanimating the village of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, by the unquenched though chained spirit of the "eternal Yankee." A motion is made, seconded, presented, and carried that our estimable page (Lieutenant Hart) be deputed to express his own feelings, as well as those of the Association, at the separation. Rising with demure face and twinkling eye, and drawing one hand slowly over his immense beard, the page, in a deep, rolling voice, commences:—

"Mr. President, and gentlemen of the R. P. A.: Were it known, sirs, throughout my country that I, an humble representative from the Wabash, had been deputed as the choice of this great body to tender a sad farewell to our departing brethren,—I say, sirs,

were it known there, every man, woman, and child would throw up their hands, crying aloud,—

“ ‘ My Hart is exalted, and I sleep in peace.’

“ Gentlemen who leave us to-morrow, you have all been startled, at some period of your prison-life, by the question, ‘ What did you come down here for?’ When you arrive at your haven of captivity,—when anxious curiosity assembles the mob to catch a glimpse of your persons,—when sallow shadows stand beside those *Lambert* forms of yours, and cruel voices probe your modest natures with the rude and unchristian-like inquiry, ‘ *What did you come down here for?*’—tell them, sirs, that you came to plant in the arid soil of the South the germ of conservatism, pumpkin-vines, and ‘ Yankee notions.’ Go, sirs, from these walls, ragged though you be, the representatives of ourselves, the R. P. A.; and, as you tread the paths of Secession, remember that ‘ by your deeds ye shall be known.’ We will miss you sadly: these halls ‘ that have known you once shall know you no more;’ but you go to grace others better fitted for your jailers,—the unfinished lunatic-asylum of Alabama. Shed honor upon it, gentlemen; and when ‘ exchange’ shall resound through the land, fail not to re-echo its glad notes until we are sent, even though it be through ‘ the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,’ rejoicing to our homes.”

Our page retires, and speeches follow on every side. Can we ever forget the quiet humor of Merrill, the rich drollery of Cox, the “Star-Spangled-Banner” fierceness of O’Meara, the quaint suggestions of Dickinson, or the happy parliamentary ruling of our honor-

able President? It was a gay and frolicsome meeting, and closed with our prison-song,—

“ Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let the poor prisoners go home, go home!”

The next morning, at twelve o'clock, we gathered around the door to bid them a last farewell. As each name was called, the owner would respond, “Ay,” and pass to the door, pausing there to grasp warm hands, and to return a hearty “God bless you, old fellow! take care of yourself.”

Some left sadly, others cheerfully. Our “Tycoon”—the merriest and blithest spirit in our little band—left with a tear upon his sailor cheek. Cox, the hardy, noble, and brave, with his straw hat (it was November) and tight breeches,—an extra pair under his arm, the only baggage he had,—left us with an air of droll indifference in perfect keeping with his rugged yet estimable self.

Passing into the street, they formed four abreast, the guard being drawn up in an oblong square to receive them. Two hundred and fifty privates followed, in destitution and rags.

The Confederate lieutenant, after repeatedly filing, wheeling, and countermarching his men, at last succeeded in closing up the square. As they marched off, three hearty cheers were given by the remaining prisoners, which had scarcely subsided when the clarion voices of two hundred men on the upper floor rose in the grand swelling chorus of “the Star-Spangled Banner,” filling the streets for squares with its noble melody. The crowd looked on astonished. The Confederate officers seemed startled at the boldness of the act.

Louder and louder rose the gorgeous old song, until it seemed to touch even the turbid hearts of the thousand Rebel by-standers. Speedily the commandant of the post ordered silence, and the officer of the day enforced it by his presence on the upper floor; yet often, during the rest of the day, would portions of that thrilling anthem come to our ears, through the cracks of the old warehouse.

While we part sadly from those who leave us, we greet with mingled pleasure and regret the few visitors we receive from the banks of the Potomac, comprising Federal officers who command adventurous scouting-parties, or unlucky overt picket-guards who are surrounded and captured by the Confederate cavalry scouts.

When these unfortunates are brought among us, they are received with open hearts at hospitable boards, yet with a rush of eager questions, such as, "Will McClellan advance?" "How many of you were taken?" "When were you taken?" &c. &c., until our new brethren are confused and exhausted, and are taken by some good Samaritan to his "mess"-table, where "eat and be welcome" speaks from every article of the shining tin crockery.

We greeted upon one occasion a rather singular addition to our circle. Two boys, dressed in military costume, were marched under guard into our warehouse. Upon inquiry, we found their names to be Thomas L. Wilkinson, aged fourteen, of Poughkeepsie, New York, and Charles Smith, aged thirteen, of Lowell, Massachusetts.

They had been boating on the Potomac River, and landed on the Virginia shore from curiosity, not imagining they were "contraband of war." The Con-

federate pickets arrested them, and the commanding officer sent them one hundred and thirty miles to Richmond, where they were confined in our warehouse. After a few days the Confederate authorities released them, no doubt heartily ashamed of their capture and detention.

The arrival of these boys, and the association with them, constituted a pleasant episode in our prison-life.

To those among us having families, they brought a picture of home, whilst to all they seemed a new connecting-link with our past pleasures and familiar enjoyments.

We have a curious assortment of character, under suspicion of the authorities, thrust among us, whose association, though it sometimes causes annoyance, usually furnishes amusement. Among the many may be noted one that excited much wonder and some suspicion.

He was a man apparently thirty-five years of age, whose general appearance, though a little seedy, indicated former gentility. He arrived at ten o'clock at night, and was furnished with a straw bed and blanket. Early next morning it was whispered around that "we had a crazy man among us." His actions were singular, as he would sit for hours cross-legged, with fingers interlocked, and eyes fixed upon one of us, conversing with himself.

When questioned regarding his capture and history, his replies were perfectly unintelligible, except that seven hundred thousand Germans would land in New York next week and surround and capture the city. Thus he continued until late in the day, when he was removed from the room, yet not until many suspected our friend, with his warlike Teutons, to be an impostor.

They judged from experience; since, in several instances, men "under suspicion" had proved to be detective officers placed among us, and instructed to note the opinions and political sentiments expressed by the officers generally, and particularly by those suspected of Abolition proclivities.

In October, Colonel Adler, of the Confederate Army, or, as he styles himself, Adolphus H. Adler, Colonel, Engineer-in-Chief of Wise Brigade, Hungarian, late of Garibaldi's staff, became an inmate of our warehouse. He was suspected of Northern sympathies: yet the immediate cause, no doubt, of his arrest, was the free expression of his opinions relative to the military talents of General Wise, Ex-Governor of Virginia, whom he persisted in styling "No soljare, no soljare." When first arrested, he was placed in jail, and mischievously informed that he would be hung,—when he immediately attempted to cut his throat, but only partially succeeded.

He was in constant dread of being tried and handed over to the hangman; and we verily believe that he would have turned Turk, Secesh, and Unionist alternately, in order to escape his portending doom. He is now in Richmond jail, leisurely awaiting the course of events.

J. W. Jones, aged twenty-two, small in stature, unwhiskered, unheralded, and unknown, relieved the monotony of our prison-life by sharing it with us during the early part of January.

He came to us clothed in an officer's uniform, and with the usual qualifications of a rabid Secesh,—rashness of speech, impulsive ardor, barrenness of argument, and swaggering affectation of chivalric refinement of manners. He caused much amusement, and

was soon looked upon as a harmless addition to our many petty annoyances.

The circumstances of his arrest are as follow,— being condensed from his own version of them.

Some years ago, he became embroiled in a difficulty with an old man in South Carolina, during which he discomfited the old gentleman, who thereupon vowed vengeance through all eternity.

In December, while seeking employment as an officer in the Confederate army, Jones, unfortunately, met his implacable enemy in a hotel at Winchester, Virginia, which being near the Federal lines, he caused Jones to be arrested upon the charge of "attempted desertion to the enemy." Jones insists that the charge is false, that the old man is a rascal, and that his imprisonment—to use his own words,—"is a great national blunder."

He threatens vengeance when released, and proposes to gratify it under three distinct headings. 1. Sueing the old man for false imprisonment. 2. Getting Jefferson Davis to punish the old man for false charges against a loyal citizen. 3. Providing the old man with a bullet and a grave. Upon being asked if the vindictive but doomed old gentleman had any property, Jones replied, "No; but he had a splendid set of surgical instruments, which he (Jones) would get hold of and sell at an enormous price, said articles being in great demand at Southern hospitals."

Jones possesses a literary talent and taste calculated to render his society pleasing and his friendship valuable. He requested and obtained permission to inscribe the following original verses in the autograph-book of one of the officers, in commemoration of his own im-

prisonment, and as a tribute of enthusiastic friendship for the Federal officers:—

“The fortunes of war have thrown us together;
The fortunes of war sever us forever.
In prison we met, in prison we part:
Thou lingerest still, while I depart.
I leave you for the dark, bloody field,—
My watchword and cry, ‘I die ere I yield.’
Adieu, adieu! my country’s voice I hear,
And, with a heart unknown to fear,
I gladly obey my loved country’s call,
And swear with her to stand or with her to fall.

“J. W. JONES, NEWBERRY, *S. C.*
O. S. C. S. A..”

On the 31st of January, to our astonishment, the commandant of the post removed Jones, announcing that he was a spy, and would be confined in jail. His removal took place immediately. We came to the conclusion that Jones, if a spy, was a shrewd one; if he was not, then the Confederate authorities recklessly extended the “national blunder” by confining him. Poor Jones! we sadly fear the old man will get the best of you, and that your well-organized system of revenge will prove harmless to his person and his surgical instruments.

While we derive amusement from those who thus sojourn in our midst, we also obtain information of a character interesting to ourselves, and in some instances valuable to our government.

We have had the details of the hazardous smuggling-trade unfolded to us by Charles R. Branch, of Baltimore. His occupation was that of smuggling between Baltimore and the Virginia shore.

Leaving the vessel upon which he was employed at

the mouth of the Potomac River, he had visited Fredericksburg for the purpose of enlisting in the Confederate Army, and was leisurely occupied in choosing, from the number around him, the company best suited to his tastes and habits. Unfortunately, he was slow in his deliberations, and at the end of two weeks was arrested in the hotel, whilst sitting at the breakfast-table.

His money (one hundred and eighty dollars in gold) was taken from him, and he was brought speedily to Richmond. He arrived very destitute in funds, and equally so in appearance, and was furnished with food at our "mess"-table and lodging upon our floor for two weeks, when he was called into the presence of Confederate Commissioner Baxter, who listened to his story, produced no witness against him, and promised him speedy release and restoration of his money. He left us on the 21st of February, professedly as good a Union man as any in the building. During his stay with us, he freely narrated his own experience, as well as the general details of the smuggling-trade between Baltimore and the Virginia waters, of which the following is a sketch.

The captain of a Baltimore schooner having determined to speculate in articles "contraband of war," he procures from the Federal authorities a clearance for his vessel to go upon an oyster-trip. His next object is to purchase a cargo and load his vessel. The first is easy of attainment, as Secession merchants swarm the streets and docks of Baltimore, and freely render him assistance. Where a cargo of salt is purchased, it is always from a merchant whose store is immediately contiguous to the vessel; and during the small hours of the night, having bribed the ward-police or put them under the tender care of decoys, the merchant throws

open his doors, and the salt in sacks is quickly conveyed into the hold. If a cargo of medicines and other articles is purchased, they are conveyed in wagons to Back River, eight miles from Baltimore, where the skipper loads them during the night.

The cargo being safely on board, and hatches snug and weather-bound, the little craft proceeds on her voyage of peril and of profit.

She meets, perhaps, a dozen United States steamers on her trip down, but boldly runs on her course, and, when hailed, hauls close alongside the steamer. Our oyster-captain elevates his hand, containing the clearance-papers of his vessel, which proceeding is generally responded to by, "All right! go ahead!"

If—as sometimes occurs—our skipper should happen to meet what he calls "a partic'lar Yankee captain," who orders a boat to be lowered and an officer to visit the "oyster-pungy," what matters it? Is not his vessel compelled to carry ballast on the downward trip? Is not sand the usual ballast for Chesapeake oyster-crafts? And has he not his contraband cargo snugly stowed in the hold, with canvas over it and sand a foot deep over the canvas, fore and aft?

In this way does he avoid the perils of a smuggling-voyage. But his danger is not yet over.

He steers for the mouth of the Potomac River, on the Maryland side of which lie immense oyster-beds. If he is caught crossing the Potomac, woe be to his liberty and cargo. But he is not caught. For days he will dredge for oysters, seemingly intent upon no other object. United States vessels pass and re-pass him daily: he is undisturbed, and, if noticed, it is merely by some sympathizing tar in the forecastle, who per-

haps exclaims, "Lo! the poor fisherman!" recalling his own sad experience. But our smuggler only lies waiting patiently till wind and weather are favorable. Then, at midnight, he will dart out from his oyster-cove and speed swiftly to his haven of safety,—Yacomico River, Northumberland county, Virginia, emptying into the Potomac just above its mouth, distant from Baltimore one hundred and forty miles. Here he is greeted with cordiality and gold; for does he not bring quinine for the sick, salt for the hogs, and gold braid for the motley-garbed militia-officers?

The oyster-skipper unloads his cargo, pockets the specie, runs back on a dark night to the Maryland shore, catches a few oysters as a blind, and returns to Baltimore, prepared to repeat his hazardous voyage.

The venture is always profitable. One in which our friend Branch was concerned, in a large schooner, realized thirty thousand dollars. In this case, the vessel was sold to the Confederates for a fraction of her cost, it being dangerous to return with her to Baltimore. Underground mails are forwarded by this channel. Virginia funds and Confederate bonds, amounting to eighteen thousand dollars, in one instance authenticated by Branch, were furnished a Secession merchant of Baltimore, who returned for them an equal amount in gold.

In shame be it said, the most active and expert in thus aiding the Rebels are from the New England States. It is, however, cheering to reflect that names of men and vessels have been furnished the United States government, and that a speedy punishment must follow. We doubt not that these ingenious and energetic traders have earned a double profit from both governments, by selling information of value to each successively.

Exciting rumors of battles, with thunder-and-lightning details of immense Federal loss and invariable panic, often get through the bars,—how, and from whence, none can tell: yet we greedily devour the obnoxious morsel, appear in whatever shape it may. Sometimes the report reaches the importance of an extra, printed on a sheet eight inches long and three inches wide, issued by a Richmond paper, of one of which the following is a verbatim copy:—

DAILY ENQUIRER.

Further News from the North!

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!

PETERSBURG, Dec. 19, 1861.

A telegram from Norfolk reports that Faulkner has arrived under a flag of truce.

There has been a universal suspension of specie-payment at the North.

Mr. Adams, United States Minister to London, immediately demanded his passports upon the issue of the Queen's proclamation.

The effect of the news was very great at New York. There was a fall of three per cent. on United States stocks, and a depreciation of five and six per cent. on all stocks.

Federal securities fell two per cent.

Missouri fell three per cent. Exchange went up to 110 @ 111.

Breadstuffs favorably affected; all descriptions firmer. Cotton withdrawn from the market. Sales of middling at forty-two cents. Saltpetre advanced fifteen cents.

The Northern press universal for war. They say that the British lion must be humbled by the United States.

They say that the war is inevitable.

The effect of such a thunderbolt upon us can scarcely be imagined. Removed from all sources of information except through Confederate channels, and thirsting for any facts, however trifling, that related to our government and its policy, we read the extra with conflicting opinions of doubt and belief. How threadbare we wore every argument, *pro* and *con*, on the subject! How that little knot of officers at the window actually writhed in earnest discussion! Any expression of opinion—no matter from whom—caused eager eyes to gaze upon the speaker, and his words to be absorbed by attentive ears. Well do we remember how, when discussion had exhausted itself, a wag turned towards that lexicon of all knowledge, “Hart on Exchange,” and solemnly sought from its pages a solution of our doubts. The oracle spoke:—

“Gentlemen, if this extra be true, our government will want her soldiers; exchange will take place: hence, we pronounce it truth.”

The volume closed its thumbed page and went to its supper of bread and molasses.

We received with emotions of ecstasy the confirmation of the news of the Federal victory at Somerset, Kentucky, on the 20th of January. Our feelings of pleasure were heightened by the evident depressing effect of the intelligence upon “Secessia” generally, and upon our jailers in particular.

The daily press of Richmond informed us that the defeat was much more disastrous to the Confederates than Northern accounts had detailed, admitting a loss of five hundred killed and wounded, many prisoners, with the entire munitions of war, camp-equipage, and artillery of General Crittenden’s command.

We were assured, from scrutinizing the papers, and from observation generally of characters and persons connected with and visiting the prison, that a serious defeat would cripple the sinews of the Rebellion, and lead to a dissolution of the vaunted unanimity of Secession sentiment represented to exist throughout the South. Their defeat at Drainsville lessened the ardor of newspaper sensation-articles, while that at Somerset, Kentucky, produced columns of contradictory editorials, of vapid boasting, and of imbecile threats of future revenge.

Amid the mass of invectives against the "Yankees" and against their own general who lost the battle of Somerset, the following will show the wavering pulse of Richmond, with its unanimity on the great Rebellion:—

(From the "Richmond Enquirer," January 24, 1862.)

"We learn that on yesterday, in consequence of the news of the battle in Kentucky, the applications for passports to 'go North' were much more numerous than usual. Five applied where one did before. Let such people go. We can well afford to dispense with the luxury of their presence."

We determined to enjoy Christmas, as far as possible, according to our "auld lang syne" remembrances, and on Christmas-eve active preparations were made for the celebration of the day. Sundry sly nudges and knowing twinkles of the eye bade the writer glance towards the nearest mess-table. On it lay a turkey, bunches of celery, cranberries, four pies, and half a dozen contraband bottles. An unusual bustle among

the stewards gave token of a mighty feast on the morrow: the old darkey who runs the errands of the officers was big with importance; and, as he passed in and out every few moments, it was evident that "Yankee" gold was gladdening the hearts of Secessia.

Gliding on with unusual merriment, the evening closed, according to our "Hoosier," with "hearty good songs and jolly good stories from merry good fellows." The morning opened with sixty voices greeting, "A happy Christmas!" and bright faces and glad voices seemed to illumine the old walls, for they looked less chilling, and gave back our shouts with a clearer tone than ever before.

As the hours rolled on, turkeys were prepared for the adjacent bakery, cranberries put on to stew, and busy stewards were seen flying about, bustling over their manifold household duties.

The morning sped on with narrative and reminiscences. This one and that one, each and all, had personal sketches of an old Christmas spent at home,—rich scenes of frolic and rollicking incidents, told with impetuous gayety, or the quiet enjoyment of a home Christmas at the family board, surrounded by a cherished and oft-remembered group of loved ones. Many officers invited to their Christmas-dinner a non-commissioned officer of their company; and as we sat around the mess-table, covered with tin crockery and steaming with our costly meal, we presented a perfect picture of democratic luxury.

What cared we for prison-walls?—had we not turkey for dinner? What cared we for blockades?—had we not home-luxuries? What if gold was at fifty per

cent. premium?—did not ours pass at prison-bars, and yield us six bottles of “contraband”?

After the cloth (which consisted of four “Richmond Enquirers”) was removed, we pledged our country and our cause, our friends and loved ones, in bumpers of feeling, yet in moderation; for Virginia whiskey, to one having a palate, is medicine and cure for all excess. Arising from the table, the hours, as usual, were passed in conversation, reading, &c.

But it soon became apparent that Christmas was being celebrated outside, as well as within, the walls. The report spread throughout the room that our guards were in an intoxicated state, and that few were able to discriminate properly between friend and foe. Such a condition of things caused much amusement, and we crowded to the window to get a sight of the muddled sentinels, and laughed until weary at the ludicrous idea of being guarded by the drunken soldiers of Secessia.

In a few moments a brother-officer whispered to the writer, “Taylor’s out;” a moment elapsed, and again, “Wallace is out;” a short interval, and again, “McPherson’s out;” until he actually believed that the whole building would be deserted; when, not relishing the idea of being the sole occupant of the immense prison, he drew on his heavy coat, and, passing to the outer door, motioned to the sentinel, with all of a Confederate officer’s *hauteur*, to lift his musket,—which was done, and once more the writer felt his lungs expand with free air.

Thoroughly at a loss where to direct his steps, and knowing it to be impossible to escape during mid-winter, he wandered up Main Street, looking around him,

and feeling like a countryman upon his first visit to a great city.

He walked through the streets adjacent to the warehouse, and saw crowds of people, clouds of darkeys, drunken soldiers sans number, (by-the-by, whiskey and the blockade will crush the Rebellion,) a rainbow-group of Confederate officers, a fat woman, and a silver half-dollar with a crowd around it; but, fearing that his unceremonious walk, if known, might compromise the future privileges of his brother-officers, he bent his steps towards the prison, where with a magisterial motion of the hand he caused the musket to give way, and passed into the familiar halls, absent one hour.

One by one the excursionists returned; but it was not until eleven o'clock at night that all were again under the protection of the drunken guards.

During the evening, a Federal officer, who is noted for quaint drollery and waggish humor, approached the sentinel at the door and proposed to stand guard, stating that he desired the soldier to purchase for him a canteen of liquor. To our astonishment, the proposal was accepted; and amid the chapter of startling Christmas-events must be recorded the fact that the Federal prisoners of war in Richmond were guarded on Christmas, with the consent of a Confederate sentinel, by a United States officer, a prisoner of war. In a short time the guard returned, and was liberally endowed with the "contraband" that he had so patriotically earned.

Many will think it singular, on perusing these details of the loose system of guard-mounting, that we did not escape, and, by travelling through the country, reach the Federal lines. They will, however, bear in mind that it was mid-winter; that Richmond was one

hundred miles from any United States forces ; that the route taken would necessarily have been through an enemy's country ; that night was the only time when progress could be made, which must have been through the woods, and not on frequented roads ; that the weather was so severe that sleep in the open air would have been impossible ; and that, owing to the country being filled with fugitive slaves, constant patrols crowded every avenue of escape.

During the summer, attempts were made to escape. A few succeeded, but many were arrested in their progress through the country. Had *Christmas occurred on the Fourth of July*, the old Tobacco Warehouse on that day would have been deserted.

Christmas closed with much quiet enjoyment. We had the usual pastimes,—cards, backgammon, checkers, &c., and the inseparable concomitant of Christmas-sports,—egg-nog. And such egg-nog!—made without milk. Reader, did you ever imbibe the poor man's nog? It will become the drink of "Secessia" in a few years, if pork continue as scarce, salt as high, and milch-cow beef be consumed as rapidly as at present.

Richmond-prison egg-nog is made as follows, viz.: half a pint of water, four eggs, half a pint of whiskey or brandy, nutmeg and sugar according to taste. Take a half-gallon measure ; put in the water and eggs, with egg beaten ; bring the mixture to a lightness sufficient to fill the measure. When done, pour in brandy and season at will, and you have a delicious egg-nog, without its usual deleterious qualities.

As a matter of record, we insert the following bill of a Christmas-dinner for a mess of six in the Richmond Tobacco Warehouse: Turkey, \$3.00 ; cooking turkey,

50 cents; 2 quarts of cranberries, 50 cents; 1 peck of potatoes, 50 cents; 1 pound of butter, 60 cents; 2 quarts of oysters, 60 cents; 2 pounds of sugar, 40 cents; 1 quart of onions, 25 cents; 2 quarts of milk, 25 cents; 4 pies, 40 cents; 2 bottles common brandy, \$3.00; 1 dozen eggs, $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Total, \$10.37 $\frac{1}{2}$.

New-Year's day was passed without incident, except the usual drunkenness of guards and the consequent outside excursion of one of our number, who, unfortunately, was met in the street by a Confederate officer connected with the prisons. On the next day he was ironed. Yet when the officer of the day left the room they were removed; and so loose is the system pursued, that the officer in charge on the ensuing day was ignorant of the entire matter. The Federal prisoner is free from irons, and will, probably, when released, carry them North as a relic of his imprisonment.

The day succeeding New-Year, the officer of the day—familiarly known as Yankee-Killer, *alias* Bowie-Knife, *alias* Emack—came into the officers' room and proceeded to examine every iron bar in the windows. After shaking each with a determined and vigorous grasp, he was passing out, when information was given him that the window in the north, behind a huge pile of boards and machinery, was minus a bar. This was done to shield our drunken friends the sentinels. He clambered with difficulty upon the dirty lumber, and, after many bruises and to the detriment of his unmentionables, succeeded in finding the window, with shutters closed, but a bar removed, leaving a space large enough to pass a Kentucky giant. We will not soon forget his smile of rewarded energy as he passed from the building and commanded loudly that the window should be im-

mediately boarded from the outside. The bar had been removed during the early period of prison-life, and had remained three months without discovery. No doubt, as each nail was driven into that shutter, our jailers imagined they had riveted another shackle on the mischievous Yankees; but it had never been used, and never would be as long as whisky is a native product of Virginia and is accessible to their stalwart soldiers.

HOSTAGES.

On Sunday, November 10, 1861, General John H. Winder, commanding the Department of Richmond, accompanied by his staff, was observed to alight at the prison-office. It being an unusual occurrence for his visits to be attended with such ceremony, much surmise arose as to its cause and consequences; but we readily believed that it portended evil, as his visits invariably curtailed our restricted prison-privileges. A few moments elapsed, and he entered the building, attended by the staff, in full-dress uniform. Directing one of them to clear the room of all persons excepting the Federal officers, he took a position in the centre of the floor and announced that he had a most unpleasant duty to perform. He then read the following order from the Confederate War Department:—

“C. S. WAR DEPARTMENT,
“RICHMOND, November 8, 1861.

“SIR:—You are hereby instructed to choose by lot, from among the prisoners of war of the highest rank, one who is to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons, and who is to be treated in all respects as if such convict, and to be held for execution in the

same manner as may be adopted by the enemy for the execution of the prisoner of war Smith, recently condemned to death in Philadelphia. You will also select thirteen other prisoners of war, the highest in rank of those captured by our forces, to be confined in the cells reserved for prisoners accused of infamous crimes, and will treat them as such so long as the enemy shall continue so to treat the like number of prisoners of war captured by them at sea and now for trial in New York as pirates. As these measures are intended to repress the infamous attempt now made by the enemy to commit judicial murder on prisoners of war, you will execute them strictly, as the mode best calculated to prevent the commission of so heinous a crime.

“Your obedient servant,

“J. P. BENJAMIN,

“*Acting Sec. of War.*

“To Brig.-Gen. JOHN H. WINDER, Richmond, Va.”

Announcing that it was necessary to draw by lot five of the Federal colonels and prisoners of war to be held as hostages for Smith, General Winder caused the names of the officers to be written on separate slips of paper, which were placed in a tin case, from which Hon. Mr. Ely was requested to draw one of the names. It proved to be that of Colonel Michael Corcoran, of the 69th Regiment New York State Militia.

General Winder then stated that, as only ten Federal field officers were held as prisoners of war, the captains would be chosen by lot, to complete the required quota of hostages. Captains Rockwood, Ricketts, and McQuaid were chosen.

With imperfect information, and indistinct hearing

of the order as read, we looked on in silence during the ceremony. But, as the names of Colonels Lee and Cogswell were called, under whose command we had stood upon the battle-field, and for whom respect, admiration, and esteem were blended in our hearts, sadness, sorrow, and sympathy were displayed in the features of every member of that little crowd. Yet when we saw the cheerful countenance of Colonel Lee and the quiet equanimity of Colonel Cogswell undisturbed, the shadow of portending evil seemed to disappear.

When General Winder and his aids left the room, we gathered in groups, eagerly discussing the principles of the policy, its bearing, causes, and effects; and, ere the day closed, we looked upon the subject with increasing cheerfulness and confidence, fully believing that our government would not allow those veteran officers to be long confined in a felon's cell, or to suffer a felon's doom.

On the 12th of January General Winder again visited us, and held another drawing, to choose two officers in lieu of Captains Ricketts and McQuaid, who were wounded at Manassas, and who at the time of drawing were confined by their wounds to the hospital. Captains Bowman and Keffer were chosen,—making the list of hostages complete as follows, *viz.* :—

Col. Michael Corcoran,	69th Regiment N. Y. State Militia.
“ M. Cogswell,	42d Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers.
“ W. Raymond Lee,	20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.
“ W. E. Woodruff,	2d Regiment Kentucky Volunteers.
“ A. M. Wood,	14th Regiment New York State Militia.
“ Orlando B. Wilcox,	1st Regiment Michigan Volunteers.
Lieut.-Col. G. W. Neff,	2d Regiment Kentucky “
“ Saml. Bowman,	8th Regiment Pennsylvania “
Major Jas. D. Porter,	38th Regiment New York “

Major T. J. Revere,	20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.
“ Israel Vogdes,	United States Artillery.
Capt. Henry Bowman,	15th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.
“ Geo. W. Rockwood,	“ “ “ “ “
“ Francis J. Keffer,	Colonel Baker’s California Regiment.

The hostages, one and all, bore themselves with manly pride and hardy patriotism, willing to suffer whenever and wherever the interests of their government required the sacrifice.

On the 14th of November we were called upon to bid them farewell. As they passed from the room, we grasped each hand in silence; for, though the heart was steeled and the purpose steady, we could not, without emotions of heartfelt sympathy, see gray hairs, honored at home, and young spirits flashing but a month ago in the eager strife of war, go to a prison-cell.

They were confined in Richmond jail; and weeks elapsed before we were enabled to learn their condition and the circumstances of their imprisonment,—the jailer having been ordered by General Winder to allow “none—not even myself—to visit them, except through written authority from the War Department.”

When Mr. Faulkner returned from the North, in December, he visited them, and, by earnest representations to the authorities, obtained a relaxation of these orders to the extent of permitting the officer commanding the prison to visit them weekly. For nearly two months they were not allowed to communicate in person with their subordinate officers. Finally, owing to authentic information from the North, affirming the comparative comfort of the privateers, permission was granted Adjutant Pearson, of the 20th Massachusetts Regiment, Mr. Ely, and Lieutenant C. M. Hooper, of

the California Regiment, to visit them from time to time.

The cell in which, seven in number, they are confined, is seventeen feet long by eleven feet wide. It has two windows, each twenty-four inches square, protected by transverse iron bars, opening upon a high wall enclosing the prison's narrow yard, affording them only six hours of daylight in which to read and write; and to do either at any hour of the day, it is necessary for them to cluster closely around the windows. Previous to leaving the warehouse, they purchased camp-cots of the smallest size, which when spread out at night entirely occupy the cell in the prison, leaving no space to move around. In the morning they are allowed to remove the cots to the corridor, and the rough pine benches which they occupy during the day, and which are removed at night, clutter up the room to such an extent that the usual prison-privilege of pacing the floor is denied them. They are allowed twenty minutes each in the morning and afternoon to exercise in the prison-yard, four feet wide, extending around the building, which is of square form and massive structure. They are furnished the usual jail-rations, consisting of bacon and corn bread,—unfit to be eaten,—and are not permitted to supply their table with food at their own expense. Yet, finding their jailer not insensible to bribes, they have purchased from him the privilege of buying food, which he has cooked, and serves to them at a stipulated price per day. This jailer is a coarse, ruffianly, drunken sot, who reads their private letters before delivery, and proclaims their domestic affairs throughout the sinks and brothels of Richmond. On one occasion, delivering a letter to

one of them, he remarked, "Colonel, your wife writes in fine spirits: keep yours up."

Below the room occupied by the hostages are two cells, constantly filled by drunken negroes, white felons, and criminal women of every color and caste, mingling together in filth, stench, and vermin. In one cell —the same in size as that of the hostages—four negro women and fourteen children are confined. Their husbands and parents being within the Federal lines, they were removed to Richmond for safe-keeping.

The stench from these cells rises to that of the hostages, making the atmosphere nauseating and stifling at all hours of the day and night. The jail-yard is used for whipping the negroes of Richmond, and the spot selected is usually under the windows of this cell,—where they hear the agonized yells of the poor negroes almost daily. The building is filled with body-vermin; and at night it is sometimes impossible to sleep, owing to the rats scampering incessantly over their beds. Other privations—too disgusting for these pages —are endured by them, making the heart sick at the contemplation of their brutal treatment.

Strong representations, we understood, were made by Mr. Faulkner for an amelioration of their condition, which produced the reply, "that no better quarters could be furnished, as the authorities had no better."

As information was received by us of the sufferings and privations of the hostages, it elicited from all the deepest sympathy, and produced among many an antipathy amounting to personal bitterness towards our jailers.

We saw guarding us men who looked on refinement

of manners and the polished amenities of civilized life as the *ne plus ultra* of existence,—whose barred banners were flaunted in the breeze to gain disenthralment from “the low, vulgar, and disgusting *habitudes* of the Yankees,” and yet whose lives, aims, and purposes were but as “one vast and living lie.” The proof existed in Richmond prison. And a few years hence, if success attend their efforts, the crushed liberties of the *poor* Southern white will attest the polished amenities and courtly “habitudes” of a centralized and monarchical government.

It is cheering to know that sympathy for the hostages did not expend itself in vapid and useless repinings. Seven warm hearts nobly responded to the promptings of sympathy. An earnest and affecting petition to the Confederate War Department was drawn up, soliciting the substitution of the names subscribed in lieu of those already confined as hostages. It represented the increasing ill health of those officers, alluded to their age and to their superiority in rank to privateers, contrasted their condition and treatment with that of the latter, and concluded with a warm appeal, based upon humanity, for the privilege of being held as substitutes for the hostages. The names of the young officers who so freely proffered themselves as substitutes are as follow:—

Captain John Markoe,	Colonel Baker's California Regiment.
Adjutant Chas. J. Pearson,	20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.
Lieut. Wm. E. Merrill,	United States Engineers.
“ Geo. B. Perry,	20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.
“ J. Harris Hooper,	15th “ “ “ “
“ J. E. Greene,	“ “ “ “
“ Chas. M. Hooper,	Colonel Baker's California Regiment.

In a few days a verbal and monosyllabic reply came, —“No.”

On the 4th of January we were astounded by the pleasing intelligence that the hostages would be restored to the warehouse; and there was not a heart within the walls that did not respond to the shouts of congratulation that resounded throughout the warehouse.

On the morning of the 5th we were on the restless *qui vive* of expectation; but this day was destined to be one of incidents. At eleven o'clock we were startled by an alarm of fire upon the officers' floor, and a small portion of the ceiling in the northeastern corner of the room was discovered to be in flames, having caught from a stove in the upper floor. One of the Federal officers immediately rushed up-stairs, where, to his astonishment, he found the privates gathered around the flames, some looking on unconcernedly, others with faces in which every feature expressed delight, whilst many were running around the room acting firemen, bellowing through their hands closed for speaking-trumpets, “Turn on the water, Columbia Hose!” “Take that plug on the corner!” “Haul up that section of hose!” &c. &c., yet not making the slightest efforts to arrest the flames; and it was not until after repeated orders that the officers succeeded in having the fire extinguished. The poor fellows wanted a little fun mixed with their monotonous misery. In a few moments after the alarm, crowds commenced gathering around the building, hose-carriages and engines, in hot haste, arrived, with sweating negroes, gasping white men, and screeching boys tugging at the ropes. The alarm had

spread broadcast over the town that "the Yankees had set fire to their prison and were trying to escape," and Richmond had yielded up her hosts to prevent so dire a calamity. The crowd increased until the street was packed, every one glaring at the warehouse as if he thought it contained all the evil of Satan's abode.

The commandant at the post, with the Fire Commissioner of Richmond, inspected the building, examined the progress of the flames,—three inches in diameter,—visited the upper floor, minutely and magisterially superintended the placing of an extra piece of sheet iron under the stove, and left the warehouse to its occupants. The crowd, seeing them leave the building, commenced to disperse.

At this moment we were started by three loud cheers, given with a will by the privates in an adjacent warehouse. We rushed to the windows, and saw the hostages approaching the prison. In a few moments they entered.

Can we ever forget the scene that ensued? It cannot be described. Its hearty gladness would have repaid, almost, for a lifetime of suffering. How genuine that warm grasp of the hand, that cry of welcome and delight! The pale features of the hostages seemed to light up with sensations of pride and gratitude at the greeting of affection and sympathy; and, as the little band clustered around them when the first flush of welcome was over, and listened to their narration of daily sufferings and privations, the scene presented a picture honorable to the manhood and creditable to the heart of every officer present.

Ere the day closed, they had become domesticated,

sought out their old sleeping-quarters, and arranged their prison-wardrobe in and around the tobacco-presses.

As yet, they were not assured of their permanent release as hostages, having been informed by the authorities that their removal from jail was merely temporary, and arose from the necessity of cleansing and fumigating the prison-cells. Subsequent information through the Richmond papers of the release of the privateers in the North confirmed us in the belief that we should have them with us until sent, rejoicing, "homeward bound."

CHAPTER VII.

SUNDAY IN PRISON.

December 8, 1861.—A bright and beautiful day,—blue skies, and changing clouds throwing their chasing shadows through the iron bars. Above and around us breathes the holy calm of the Sabbath. Its softened beauty mellows each heart within our prison-home; for it is an hour devoted to the past, whose sweet influences are all our own.

Ye who, in the full flush of life, wander hither and thither through the paths of freedom, heart upon the lip, with slightest thought unfolded to thy brother,—for whom the great world is open to sense and soul, its keen enjoyments, its high ennobling pursuits, filling thy life with wealth of love, honor, and ambition,—we envy you not on this holy day; for the rough walls around us, drear and chilling to the eye, bring to the mind many welcome hours of deep meditation.

We stand at the open window and glance towards the south. Almost at our feet flow onward to the sea the calm waters of the James River. Imagination pictures its glad embrace with the dancing billows of the free and open sea. Behold yon charred and limbless log floating sluggishly down the stream: no circling eddies nor hidden rock disturb its onward course; it is borne by the current on, ever on; and we turn

sadly away, for yonder waters bear it oceanward towards our home and friends.

Looking westward and to the north, a plain of some miles in extent may be seen, edged by dense woods, beyond which the shadowy outlines of continuous hills present daily a mirage of gloom.

Rich fields, cosy old farm-houses, dot the open plain; whilst on the winding country road a fat negro may be seen lazily lounging in the sun, astride a diminutive mule, leisurely returning from his master's town-errand.

Over that plain, through those dense woods, across those shadowy hills, lie all that we hold dear on earth,—our country and our homes.

We cross the room and look out upon the open street. It is now ten o'clock. The solemn clang of church-bells comes through the bars, and family groups are seen, prayer-books under arm,—little chubby-cheeked children, looking like toys, led leaping by the hands,—gaudy servant-girls, with ruddy glow of health and brawny hands cased in kid,—the old darkey, with silvered head and bending form, trudging after his mistress,—the rainbow-robed mulatto belle, with springy step and wagging skirts. All stop to look at the Yankees.

On the Sabbath we receive our outside visitors.

The windows of the warehouse are nearly level with the street: so we welcome our visitors on an equal footing, barring the grating between. A sentry paces to and fro before the window, whose duty it is to keep them at a respectful distance—ten feet—from the bars. Come, and we will introduce you to them, one and all.

We know not their names or residences; but the acquaintance has been long, and socially we are on a pretty good footing with them.

That slender young man in gray coat, blue pantaloons, gold braid, and tight boots, with upper lip suggestive of moustaches, is one of the jailers of the Yankees. With unbending form, and hands clasped behind him, he is holding a subdued conversation with an elderly gentleman; and, as they stand upon the pavement, we can easily imagine that the old gentleman has modestly inquired concerning the mode of treatment used towards the Yankees,—whether they are ever unruly, and if it is necessary to shoot a few of them to keep them in order, or if the death of a few “Yankees,” of which he has heard, merely arose from the frolicsome disposition of some good-natured sentinel who desired to relieve the monotony of his tedious duty by shooting at a mark.

Our slender official very kindly informs him that they have but little trouble with the “Yankees,” as the flash of a Southern blade is terror to the Northern heart; and that the occasional cases of shooting that had occurred were purely accidental, although, *as an example*, the inhumanity of the act was at least neutralized by its good results.

The simple, good old gentleman goes home to his family and pays his war-tax willingly, satisfied that the warehouse he has just seen contains the whole “Yankee nation,” chained and bound.

Against the lamp-post we have another friend leaning. Look at him well; for he is one of our aristocratic visitors. See with what negligent ease he leans against the post, legs overlapped, and thumbs in armholes of

vest. His great gray eyes survey the "Yankees;" whilst a smile of pleasure mixed with contempt habitually possesses his lip,—pleasure at seeing the "Yankees" in prison, contempt for the valor of all mankind except the Southern-born.

This man is well clothed, looks like a gentleman, associates with our jailers, who are officers in the Confederate *regular* army, no doubt possesses many honorable and worthy traits of character, has the *entrée* in the highest circles of social life, is respected, honored, and admired; but place him before these bars, bid him look at the "Yankees," and in that smile which perhaps comes unbidden to his lips, you see revealed the secret malice and hatred of his heart. In the undying bitterness of his soul, he would crush us with his heel, prisoners unarmed, and helpless, as we are.

A few paces to the left of our aristocratic friend, a negro stands, with tattered garments, bow-legs, and glaring eyes. He comes to see us every Sunday; and we welcome his vacant stare and greasy ebony face, amidst the mass of bitterness around him. That negro has a history; and it is a favorite pastime with us to unravel its mysteries.

Across the street, the curb is lined with our friendly and sociable visitors, who, with eager eyes and upturned faces, spend the day with us.

Who is this crossing the street, seemingly to get a nearer view? He has a shambling gait, and a snuff-colored suit of clothes, a rainbow cap, the colors centring in a point which overlaps his neck, around which a heavy woollen comforter is drawn; about the waist he wears a raw-hide belt, with large cheese-knife pendant, his fingers fondly manipulating the hilt. As he

approaches nearer, we discern expressionless features, a dull eye, and a slight hirsute growth. Motionless he stands and stares, and then a shrill, effeminate voice is heard exclaiming, "Is them the Yanks?" The mystery is solved: he is a country-recruit, and, to use his own words, "jist jined the army, and kum to fight the Yanks."

We have military officers upon the pavement,—heroes of Manassas, that look down contemptuously upon their brother-soldiers who shared not the honors of that field.

As they stand in groups, we will sketch the varieties of uniform worn by yonder squad of four, who are all first lieutenants of the infantry.

No. 1 is in citizen-dress, of gray kersey pants, coat, and vest, a black slouch hat, belt similar to those of United States privates, no sash, and home-manufactured sword, suggesting the idea of an altered scythe-blade.

No. 2 is attired in complete uniform of blue,—the shade known as Mazarin blue; the pantaloons have on each leg a broad stripe of orange-colored cloth; the cap is somewhat similar to the United States regulation, except that the crown is brought forward perpendicularly to the visor-brim, and the entire surface covered with letters, wreaths, and eagles of brass braid. His coat is double-breasted, having *four* rows of buttons, and presenting a formidable breastplate of metal. The cuffs and collar are of brown cloth; the collar on each side is ornamented with two stripes, three inches long, of yellow cloth; each sleeve is adorned with chevrons of brass braid, serpentine shape, and extending from the cuff six inches above the elbow. He wears a red worsted sash, with enormous bow-knot in

front, the ends hanging nearly to the knee, with window-blind tassels pendent. A white leather belt and United States cavalry-sword complete the picture.

No. 3 has an entire suit of snuff-colored cassinet, black stripe down the pants, double-breasted coat, brass buttons, slouch hat, red *flannel* sash, black leather belt, and United States sergeant's sword.

No. 4 has the uniform as per regulations C. S. Army; light-gray double-breasted frock-coat, light-blue pants, serpentine chevrons on each sleeve, two bars on each side of coat-collar, United States belt, sword, and sash.

As they stand in the group, ludicrous ideas are suggested of a dress-parade: yet, grotesque as their appearance may be, we must not sneer; for they might scent Yankee blood behind the bars, and then, good companions, we might be venom-struck.

Richmond is one vast rendezvous for Confederate officers, who hang around the hotels, and, as we learn from the papers, make an immense display of red pants, artillery-caps, &c., to the admiration of the females of the hotels and the darkey waiters.

“Many of these sons of Mars are arrant impostors, and the gaudier their military trim the more likely are they to be discovered as gamblers, quartermasters’ clerks, tailors’ snips, or *members of the Legislature*. Their impudence, of course, is sublime. They swagger in the hotel-parlors, stretch their boots on the sofas, and never take their meals at the ladies’ ordinary without their coats being buttoned up to their throats, and a general stiffness in their backs as if they were on dress-parade. There are some curiosities about these military dandies. Sudden transformation of dress is the *coup de main* of the dandy; and it not unfrequently

happens that some of the *distingué* boarders at the hotels appear in civilian dress during their unmilitary occupation of the day, and at nightfall attire themselves in the very tip of soldierly apparel, not forgetting buck-skin gauntlets, to do the military in the hotel-parlors, or to enact the 'front of Mars' in the vestibule of the bar-room. Orderlies and sergeants have more than once been passed off in this city on susceptible young ladies as staff-officers, and impostors have sat at the best tables in Richmond, in the grandeur of gold lace and 'Palmetto buttons.'

Our visitors are not confined to the male sex. Ladies often honor us by their presence. From many the eye flashes hatred and contempt. They pass on, without creating a ripple on the great ocean of our equanimity. But, ah, how quickly the heart bounds, and the face beams with delight, when a smile of pity and sympathy from fair friends (and they are many) comes through the rusty bars! Only a few moments ago, a beautiful girl went past, hanging affectionately on husband's or lover's arm, and her low voice was heard exclaiming, "I wish, George, they were out!—I do, indeed!" God bless her! and may life-clouds never gather around that earnest and pure heart!

Turning from the window, we glance around the room. An unusual quiet prevails. Each mess-table has its busy writer. Letters for home!—what a wealth of heart-feelings those pages contain, their influence permeating thousands of firesides, and almost touching the stern heart of that unknown official who is the grim arbiter of our opened letters!

Often have we pictured that man upon his judgment-seat, a large basket beside him, and busy assistants

heaping letter upon letter on the table. See him now. With frigid features and inanimate eye, he glances over that letter: quickly, sharply, and with a "pshaw!" he tosses it into the basket of rejected letters. It was written by a wounded man, whose feeble fingers rendered the lines illegible except to eyes of love, for which it was alone intended.

Look again. He spreads before him a sheet of foolscap, closely written and interlined. One glance, and into the basket it goes. That letter contained the outpourings of a husband's love for his home and its dear ones.

Again see him. With a smile upon the lip, his rigid features illuminated with humor, calling upon a brother-censor, he exclaims, "Listen, Joe!—'My own sweet darling, I'm almost crazy. Are you wounded? do you suffer?' etc.—I say, Joe, isn't she a beauty with the pen? Let's see who she is. Why, she is writing to Lieutenant —, and her name is Mary —, of — City. Well, I guess he may have it." And he tosses it aside.

Again he reads; again the basket receives a letter. Lines written by an old German to his son, a prisoner of war, for a power of attorney to draw his pay, to keep the old man from want. Alas! it was written in German, a language not understood by the censor. Into the basket it goes; and the old father suffers on,— perhaps to the grave.

Many around the room are reading the book of God, recalling a mother's tender teaching or a father's revered example in the bygone lapse of years. Others are pacing up and down in silent thought; whilst all

respect the day and its sacred, solemn duties. As the hours pass on, quiet conversation and warm intercommunion of sympathies and future friendship occupy our little band until the evening meal. At seven o'clock we assemble for divine worship.

The President calls the Association to order, and silently and reverently we listen to God's holy word from the lips of our estimable chaplain, Rev. John W. Mines, of Bath, Maine.

The evening closes quietly; and as the officer of the day commands, "Lights out!" we retire to our straw beds, fully trusting in our God, that he will soon restore us to our beloved ones.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR JAILERS.

THE degree of privation to which we are subjected depends, to a great extent, upon the character and temperament of the officers in charge,—the regulations of the post being such as to allow much latitude of judgment and action to our jailers; in consequence of which, we have received every degree of treatment, from the rough usage of convicted felons, to the kindness due us as gentlemen and soldiers.

The officers of the prison are usually State cadets, a few from West Point, whilst many have been temporarily attached to the post as “officers of the guard” from the volunteer regiments encamped around Richmond. The latter have presented many burlesque instances of ignorance in military duty, discipline, and courtesy; whilst the former assume an importance of bearing perfectly irresistible, in its drollery of conceit, upon those for whom intended,—the “Hessians.”

The lieutenant acting officer of the day is on duty twenty-four hours, during which period he has under control our supplies of milk, newspapers, clean linen, potatoes, molasses, and gas-light, with many other privileges, such as visiting men in hospital, receipt of letters, reception of visitors, &c.; and whilst one day we receive courteous treatment, the next will probably unfold, through a new officer of the day, the manifold

miseries of being a prisoner of war. Milk is probably suspended. The newsboys, and Susan the negro washer-woman, wait in anxious companionship upon the curb for the permission of the officer of the day to approach the door; whilst the hall is crowded with needy officers impatient for their linen and milk.

An officer, prompted by a due regard for the necessities of his "mess," calls for the corporal of the guard. Waiting perhaps half an hour in the hall, the sleepy, indifferent soldier appears, and has placed in his hand a basket, a silver half-dollar, and a memorandum for a peck of potatoes. An hour elapses. At last the corporal appears, lounging leisurely along. He approaches the door and is hailed by the expectant and hungry officer, but without avail. The corporal enters the office, for the basket of potatoes must be examined by the officer of the day; and perhaps in two hours from the time the order was first given, the "mess" receives its peck of potatoes. Thus it is with every thing we wish. Trifling causes of complaint, but often depriving us of the only vegetable of our bread-and-meat dinner.

We do not object to any prison-regulations necessary for our safe keeping and the protection of Secesh interests; but whatever system they adopt is so influenced by the temperament of the temporary officer of the day, and the indolence and inertness as well as the disobliging nature of the subordinates, that we never know "what the morrow will bring forth."

In some instances, after the order annulling our darkey errand-boy's vocation, days have passed without our being able to procure the few articles necessary to make prison-fare palatable.

These annoyances result entirely from the latitude

given to the officers of the day in the details of guarding the "Yankee prisoners."

Not alone in regard to our table are we subject to their whims, but we receive from them language better fitted for brothels and pot-houses than for a prison reserved for officers prisoners of war.

On the 7th of January, an altercation regarding the supply of milk occurred between the officer of the day jocularly called "Bowie-Knife," and a lieutenant prisoner of war, during which "Bowie-Knife" used epithets and invectives too disgusting for these pages, concluding with, "Shut up, or I'll run you through!"

Up to the time when the order was first given to call the roll at seven o'clock, we had been accustomed to rise at eight o'clock. Hence many sound sleepers, not always hearing the summons in the morning, would continue to sleep, while our august jailer was waiting restlessly at the door. At such times it was a "morning song" for Lieutenant Booker, officer of the day, to use such language as, "Corporal, pull those men out!" "Sentry, use your bayonet!" "Damn you, get up!"

Usually two sentinels would be posted in the room, with orders to allow none to pass them, and, after we had answered roll-call, with nothing on but our under-clothes, and unable to reach our wardrobe, we would be forced to stand shivering until the roll was completed and the officer and his guard had left the room, —sometimes not in company with each other, as the officer, flushed with the sense of his authority over the "Yankee," occasionally forgets his sentinels, who are left standing on their posts, keeping us huddled together, shaking and trembling in the cool air of the morning.

At night our supply of gas depends entirely upon

the disposition of the officer of the day. Until nine, ten, and eleven o'clock, and in some instances all night, have we been allowed to burn the gas. We can calculate with mathematical accuracy how long it will burn on certain nights, knowing what stripling of an officer then assumes command over the despised and vulgar "Yankees."

Experience has taught us that those officers who most loudly abuse the "Yankees," and who upon all occasions proclaim the inevitable success of the Rebellion, are least sincere in their profession of patriotism; and we receive from those who hail from South Carolina and Alabama, more courteous treatment and privileges than we do from the vaunted chivalry of Virginia.

The former States, bold in their announcement of Secession principles and actions, are open enemies and honest if misled adversaries; the latter State stole from the Union thief-like, proffering a Judas kiss in her peace-delegation to Washington. Each State appears to have robed its commissioned officers with the attributes of its distinctive nationality. The answers we receive to the inquiries, "Is he an Alabamian?" "What State does he come from?" give us an almost certain clue to the character of an officer unknown to us who is newly appointed over the prisons.

The "Richmond Examiner" of February 11, 1862, narrates the experience of Captain W. D. Farly in the military prison of Washington, stating that he had been treated with great severity and the most outrageous insults, and adduces the following instances of brutality:—

"On one occasion our [Confederate] prisoners were ordered to stand up when their names were called,

and one of them, remarking, 'We thought we were prisoners of war,' was, without a word of reply, thrust into a cell."

Captain, we sympathize with you; for we are ordered to be bayoneted out of bed in Richmond to attend roll-call, and not only to stand up, but to march without clothing in single file past our jailers.

Another sad experience of Captain Farly:—"The practice had been adopted of insulting our prisoners of war by confining in one room with them deserters from the Confederate side."

Again our sympathies rise for you, captain,—as we have among us disgraced Confederate soldiers, deserters, and miserable detective police-officers and government spies, whose vocation among us is to become the *butt*, not the inquisitor, of the "Yankee" officers. And for your further consolation, captain, we inform you that on the 11th of February, 1862, Lieutenant G. W. Emack, Confederate officer of the day at the prison, ordered five men of the 42d New York Regiment to be confined in a cell for refusing to clean the quarters of the Confederate guard and to saw and carry wood for the said guard, &c. &c.

It is with pleasure that we turn from these records of imbruted yet self-styled "refined" gentlemen of the South, to render our testimony to the uniform courtesy, urbane kindness, and obliging disposition of those whose manly hearts instinctively felt and acted upon the natural relation between officers prisoners of war and officers in command over them.

We shall not soon forget those little attentions, trifling in themselves, but inestimable to us behind the bars. The noble heart impulsively reflects itself in noble

actions; and, whilst a mass of seething bitterness encompassed us, they alone realized that we were not brutes, hound-like, to be hooted at and reviled and spit upon.

With this courtesy was invariably combined the most strict attention to the warehouse-regulations; and by none were "prison-orders" more rigidly enforced than by those of our jailers whom it is a pleasure to call gentlemen and soldiers.

They were few indeed, compared with those who frolicked in the enjoyment of tightening our shackles; but their treatment of the Federal officers in Richmond will warm many hearts towards them throughout our country. The gratitude of many a home-circle will blend their names, alien though they be, with kind and prayerful remembrances amid the desolation of homes and the devastating march of war.

If we roughen the naturally irascible temperament of our Confederate jailers by the following short sketches, we assure them that our judgment of their character and treatment is based upon recognized principles of Southern chivalry as unfolded by the Richmond press,—"the polished amenities of civilized life."

Towering far above the herd, electrically inspiring the wavering hearts of the people in their desperate conflict, and devoting the immense resources of his mind to the combination of the civil and military necessities of the Rebellion, we find our great jailer, JEFFERSON DAVIS, who may be seen occasionally on a fine afternoon, mounted on a neat and stylish bay mare, accompanied by one of his aids, riding past the "Yankee prisons."

His appearance is by no means characteristic of the man, creating disappointment in the mind of the observer. He looks care-worn and in ill health, with haggard features and evidently exhausted frame, as if the incessant toil of his intellect was gradually but surely bearing him to the grave. As he returned the military salute of the officer of the post, he turned his full face towards the prison; and it seemed to one at least behind the bars that there was a tinge of sadness in those wasted features as he beheld one of the pitiful consequences of the desolations of an unholy ambition. He is the object of incessant and fulsome adulation, deified by the old ladies, worshipped by the young, who vie with each other in showering upon him their idolatry, always accompanied by unique presents, varying from a pair of gloves knit from the curls of a pet lap-dog, to barred banners from the trembling fingers of old women verging on a century, tendered always as an evidence of the independence of the South in home-manufactures.

Politically we judge him to be unpopular, as the Richmond press—extravagant in all else—seldom allude either to his position or abilities.

Brigadier-General John H. Winder, commanding the Department of Richmond, and having special charge of the "Yankee" prisoners, is a man apparently sixty-five years of age, short and compact in frame and curt in act and speech. He commands fear, if no other feeling, from his subordinates,—who allude to him in their conversation as if the shadow of his presence surrounded them. When he visits the prison-office, there may be perceived among the junior officers an apparent dread of portending evil.

A graduate of West Point, class of 1820, and a martinet of forty years' standing, whose military abruptness cuts like a scythe through the fears of the stripling cadets around us, he is indeed to them "a feared and fearful thing." The prisoners seldom see him, except through the bars; but we look upon his visits to the prison-office as an inevitable roughening of our confinement.

He is a man of oddities both in speech and character, but profane and coarse in his eccentricity. A Federal officer captured at Bull Run, whose patriotism was doubted by his brother-prisoners, showered daily upon the general letters of appeal and argument relative to his imprisonment. Weeks passed without response; and finally the officer, despairing of access to the general's sympathies, escaped from the prison. When the fact was reported to Winder, he burst forth, characteristically, with, "Damn the fellow! I hope he will escape, and bother me no more with his damned letters!" And, sure enough, the "fellow" did escape.

Winder is not popular with the press, and is daily the subject of abuse in their editorial columns, where he is openly charged with collusion with the prison-undertaker and with speculation on the burial of the dead both of Confederate and Federal soldiers.

Captain George C. Gibbs, commandant of the post, a native of Florida, apparently about forty years of age, of peculiarly slight and wiry frame, indomitable will, and fluctuating temperament, had command of our warehouse for nearly five months. At times he was courteous and bland in manners and obliging and liberal in his actions, at others, coarse and abrupt, narrowing the limits of our few privileges, and making us feel,

harshly and gruffly, the privations of our captivity. He was possessed of many fine qualities, but, owing to the variable character of his disposition, which has by many been attributed to ill health, he was unpopular with the prisoners; and it was with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure that we bade him farewell,— pleasure at his departure, regret at the thought that Fortune might send us a far more rigid and uncharitable jailer.

In December a number of money-letters for the Federal privates, containing forty-three dollars, were stolen from the prison-office. Captain Gibbs and Lieutenant Hairston immediately replaced the amount from their private purses. The Federal officers, upon ascertaining the fact, contributed the sum lost, and returned it to Captain Gibbs. He gracefully accepted it, but at once donated the amount, through Surgeon Revere, of Massachusetts, to the needy prisoners of war. He left us in the latter part of January, being ordered to Salisbury, North Carolina, in command of Federal prisoners confined there, and was succeeded by Captain A. C. Godwin, commandant of the post.

Tall, soldierly in his bearing, graceful and refined in his manners, and courteous in his intercourse with the prisoners, Captain Godwin merits the general encomium of being the most accomplished soldier ever placed in command of the prisons. Yet with his usual suavity of manners is blended an intense and bitter hatred of the North, which, govern it as he will, is apparent in his strict interpretation of the "prison-orders" and the daily curtailing of the few privileges allowed us. When Lieutenant Emack, officer of the day, placed in a cell five men of the 42d New York Re-

giment for refusing to police the quarters of the Confederate guard at the prison, strong appeals and arguments were used by Colonel Lee to Captain Godwin, showing the injustice and unmilitary nature of the order; but without effect. The commanding officer was immovable, and the men were forced to obey the order.

Lieutenant Todd, commandant of the post, left Richmond previous to the arrival of the Federal prisoners captured at Ball's Bluff, but there remained behind him a reputation surpassing record of his cruelty and imbruted inhumanity. Drunk during nearly the entire period of his authority at the prison, and seething with malignity and bitterness, he made the life of the Federal officers one of daily indignity and hardship. Foul and scurrilous abuse was heaped upon them at his every visit: sentinels were charged to bayonet them at the slightest infringement of prison-rules; men were shot down at prison-windows by his orders; and, as if nature had centred the essence of evil in his foul heart, on one occasion he thrust his sword into the midst of a crowd of Federal privates in the warehouse, regardless as to whose life he endangered. Fortunately, it passed through a man's leg, and not his body.

We turn with pleasure from the remembrance of such a character to Lieutenant J. J. W. Hairston, commanding post, whom we gratefully greet upon these pages as one kindly given us by Providence to soften the rigor of prison-life. In his mind the knowledge of the nature of our position as prisoners of war seemed to be ever present; and, whilst strictly obedient to the spirit of the prison-regulations, he was ever sen-

sible of the inestimable value to us of the many apparently trifling attentions which, with a due regard to his position and its duties, he daily rendered us.

To him alone were we indebted for the prompt receipt and delivery of our correspondence; and no application was ever made for permission to visit men in the hospitals and prisons, or for any other privileges consistent with prison-discipline, that was not freely and courteously granted, with a pleasant cordiality of manner that rendered the privilege doubly valuable.

He is an accomplished soldier and refined gentleman, but a sincere, earnest, and sacrificing, yet unobtrusive, believer in the justice of this Rebellion,—rare qualities indeed amidst the bombastic shallowness of patriotism, so called, around him. Whilst the Confederate officers of the post would introduce the never-failing subject of “Southern wrongs” and descant proudly upon the inevitable result of Southern valor and prowess, Lieutenant Hairsten would shrink from obtruding upon prisoners of war opinions so much at variance with those which they entertained.

He left us in January, and is now upon outpost-duty on the Potomac; and those among us who remember with gratitude his kindness and courtesy assure him of our sympathy when, in the ordinary results of a campaign, he may meet with misfortune or danger. If our position as prisoners and captors should ever be reversed, Lieutenant Hairston will receive at our hands those manifold attentions which he so freely rendered us; and as the future unfolds a cessation of the strife of war, it will be our pleasure and duty to meet him as an earnest friend and accomplished gentleman.

Captain Jackson Warner, commissary,—*a lusus naturæ*. Apparently kind-hearted and obliging, he periodically indulges in the bitterest diatribes against "Yankee" prisoners and the "Yankee" nation, yet, to the keen observer, appears to possess a nature not quite so steeled against the North as his wordy arguments and boastful sensation-language would imply. His birth partakes of the character of his nature,—an enigma.

His own version is as follows:—

"He was born on a flat-boat going down the Ohio River, when the craft was tied up to a landing: it being at night, and the boat getting under way before morning, he has never been able to tell where or in what State he first saw the light." However, he is a hybrid being, born on Northern waters and flourishing on Southern soil and packets.

He is a stout, hearty-looking fellow, with the spirit of fun almost as well developed as his immense circular beard and crisp moustache. He pops in and out of the warehouse like a piston-rod from a cylinder, with always a word of banter, or, when a little bit boozy, of raillery and derision. "What did you come down here for?" is his text; "Never mind: you'll soon be in Abraham's bosom," his discourse; "We licked you at Bull Run," his peroration. He has recently lost his voice. Somerset, Fort Henry, and Roanoke have operated upon his vocal organs like an east wind; and for a time at least we are rid of his nightly visits of taunt and bluster.

He has charge of the feeding-department of the prison, and we believe he does the best he can for us under the needy *régime* of "Secessia." In the course

of his duties he daily visits the commissary-sergeant and abuses him for the waste of food about the prison, but invariably closes his remarks with, "Mind, I want you to give them enough." His appearance among the men in the upper stories is always the signal of boisterous confusion and greeting; for he invariably spins them a yarn relative to their speedy release, or utters vague promises of improvement in their condition or treatment.

The Federal privates employed in the various departments of the prison and hospital give him a character for kindness of treatment, yet abruptness in speech and roughness of manner irrespective of the recipient's feelings. The constant theme of his conversation and thoughts is this great Rebellion; and the prisoners of war are his unwilling audience, day after day. We do not think that three officers in the warehouse agree in estimating the character of our commissary.

"He is rough." "Well, but he is good-hearted." "He is bitter." "Pshaw! that's only put on. Don't you know that hybrid Secesh must act and talk the strongest?" "He insulted me last night." "Don't mind that: he was a little boozy." Such are the remarks and replies of our good commissary's friends and foes in the Tobacco Warehouse of Richmond. Friend commissary, we hope to catch you one day, if you *ever* get within our reach; and we assure you that if such a compound mongrel as yourself can be found in the North, we will set it watching your prison-doors. But we opine that to catch you is an impossibility whilst Confederate money is plenty and at par; and you say there is no possibility of its ever getting scarce, since "Jefferson Davis has

three men constantly employed doing nothing else but signing bonds."

Lieutenant G. W. Emack—alias "Bowie-Knife," alias "Yankee-Killer," acting officer of the day—is a tall, slim man,—very straight, very young, and very military. He possesses small, effeminate features, and remarkably thin lips,—the upper one adorned by an incipient moustache; and when ruffled by the inertness of the Yankees at roll-call, his lips become compressed, and concentric furrows gather on his brow, making him a terrible thing to look at, if not to shrink from. He is a military fop in attire and manner, exquisite in taste and macassar oil; and the dandy leer of conceit and satisfaction which he casts upon the ladies passing by, is the *ne plus ultra* of foppish buffoonery. But the delicate and soft traits of his character are left behind him when he enters the prison. Here he is the maximum of bitterness and roughness,—from early roll-call, when his stern voice resounds throughout the building, "Roll-call!" until nine o'clock at night, when "Put out those lights!" comes from him in guttural tones, irritating us to such an extent that he is often compelled to put them out himself. He is replete with every quality that can disgrace the character of a gentleman, and possesses none which command either respect or civility. He has been knighted "Bowie-Knife" from his prowess—as narrated by himself—in the following escapade. Having been arrested during the early part of September, 1861, in Maryland, under suspicion of drilling men for the Southern army, he was taken under guard to Tybee, in Prince Charlotte county. Whilst there he was furnished with a "bowie-knife," by a sympathizer in the hotel; and

as Mr. Walker, correspondent of the "New York Times," who had joined the guard, was engaged in washing his person, Emack gave him a severe cut across the abdomen, made a dash past the sentinel at the door, who fired at him several times, and escaped to the woods, and from thence across the Potomac to "Secessia." He claims to have killed a brigadier-general and two other officers in this fight. He tells the story with much gusto, repeating it whenever he can obtain an audience. His *alias* "Yankee-Killer" was acquired by his boastful speech as to what he would do when within arm's-length of the "Yankees." Yet it has created much astonishment with us that so belligerent an individual should be contented with the peaceful occupation of guarding the "Yankees." He, however, evinces but little desire to run the risk of capture by our forces, being sensible of the estimation in which he is held by the prisoners of war in Richmond. He has on several occasions acted most brutally towards the men and insultingly towards the officers, and at every opportunity displays the bitterness and malice of his heart towards the prisoners of war.

Dr. Higginbotham, surgeon. Tall and gentlemanly-looking, and courteous in his manners, the doctor has acquired with the men quite an enviable reputation. With the officers he has not succeeded so well, although their personal intercourse with him has been of an agreeable character; but his reported courtesy and neglect of the prisoners of war held as hostages, at the jail, have caused much ill feeling towards him, and led many to suspect that his suavity of manner is only a cloak for his antipathy to us.

Owen B. Hill, assistant surgeon, seldom appears in the

officers' quarters, and is, consequently, but little known. He is well thought of by the men in the hospital.

J. L. S. Kirby, adjutant of the post, thinks the prisoners are too well treated.

Lieutenants Wm. K. Bradford, —— Mercer, —— Turner, acting officers of the day, three very young men, who dress well, and appear only anxious for their tour of duty as officers of the day to end, that they may delight the fashionable promenade of Richmond with their presence.

Lieutenant E. A. Semple, acting officer of the day, another very young man, but clever and obliging, entertains us, occasionally, with scraps from his life-experience, which delight the heart and instruct the mind. He is a true son of the South.

Lieutenant R. M. Booker, acting officer of the day, merits no further mention than this of his name.

The Dutch Sergeant of the Post,—who, at the date of the arrival of the Ball's Bluff prisoners, appeared to be the essence of authority at the prison. Commanding officer, officer of the day, and roll-sergeant,—all seemed blended in this German *factotum*.

Was any thing wanted? Ask the Dutch sergeant. Would any thing happen soon? Ask the Dutch sergeant. Officers and men in the warehouse, and negro cooks in the yard, ignored the existence of all authority in the Confederacy, save what centred in our Dutch sergeant. He was a good fellow at times, and a very bad one at others. He would show his angular smile of half-stubborn good humor to-day, and curse us in his fragmentary English to-morrow. He was an infallible dog,—thought himself omnipresent and omniscient. Well do we remember, when Captain Bense and Lieutenant

Merrill escaped, how our Dutch sergeant rushed into the warehouse, exclaiming, with his Teutonic accent, "Gentlemen, two of you have got out. Must call de roll. I saw 'em go but a minute ago." (They had been gone thirty-six hours.) Completing the roll-call, and discovering the names of the absentees, he darted out of the door, exclaiming, "I know where dey is! I can catch dem." He aroused the town, and patrols were sent in all directions. But the Dutch sergeant was at fault for once, as they were rearrested at night, thirty miles from Richmond, by scouts searching for runaway negroes. He left us on the 22d of November, 1861, for Tuscaloosa, in charge of Federal officers and men transferred thither as prisoners of war. By a letter thence we have been informed of his popularity, owing to his obliging nature. He fills the important post of commissary at Tuscaloosa, and is still noted for his infallibility and usefulness.

At twelve o'clock, each day, the ceremony of guard-mounting is enacted in the street opposite the warehouse-windows. At that hour, the regiment on duty for twenty-four hours is relieved by a fresh one, and the details of the relief are exhibited before us. A regiment of Confederate volunteers present, in every respect, the appearance of an armed mob. They march to the prison, and are formed in line irrespective of size and equipments, and are armed with every description of fire-arms. The right files, perhaps, possess Belgian muskets; the next, the old flint-lock, with its capacious pan; one carries a Minie rifle, the next a double-barrelled bird-gun, and so on to the extreme left of the line,—the left files of which often have none.

Not only do their arms present a variegated appearance, but the manner in which they are carried is equally odd and awkward. It is usual to see them at shoulder arms, order arms, present arms, and right shoulder shift, when standing in line at attention; and the command for changing arms is only obeyed at the discretion of the soldier.

But few are furnished with uniforms. On one occasion, when a detachment of the "Richmond Blues" (O. Jennings Wise, captain) was detailed to assist in guarding the warehouse, they scrupulously refused to appear in line, except in a body on the extreme right, or to associate with their rough-looking compeers. Without uniformity in either dress, size, or weapons, they present a grotesque and ludicrous appearance, the effect of which is not lessened by a familiarity with their social habits and their conversational powers, unfolded to us as we cultivate an acquaintance with them—often for amusement—while they stand on post at the outer door.

The ceremony of guard-mounting is briefly performed; both officers and men appearing anxious for the tedious, if brief, duty to be completed. Accustomed as we have been to the multitudinous details of regimental and brigade guard-mounting,—an occasion when officers and privates vie with their comrades in exactness of military appearance, knowledge, and discipline,—we beheld with amusement *and consolation* the disordered rabble in the street before us.

The Confederate officers attached to the prison have informed us, seemingly mortified at the daily exhibition before our windows, that the guards sent them by General Winder are always from new regiments just arrived in Richmond; yet the 57th Regiment of Vir-

ginia Volunteers, who from day to day guarded our prisons for three months, presented to us the same disordered, undisciplined jumble, at guard-mounting, as did the *raw* recruits referred to by the prison-officials. Possessing no information regarding the Confederate Army, except what we gather through the bars from the appearance of our guards, from the newspapers, and from an occasional transient companionship with a "Union" man placed in our warehouse, we cannot form a very exact estimate of the condition and discipline of the Confederate Army; yet we have been assured that discipline and drill are realities unknown in the major portion of that army now in the field.

At drill-hour in a certain artillery-company now in the peninsula, the officer commanding is accustomed to address his men with, "Gentlemen, if you please, we will take a little exercise this morning;" and on one occasion the men went to him in a body with a remonstrance against drill, concluding with, "Captain, we won't drill a d—d bit: we came to fight, and, if we don't get one, we'll go home!" One morning we were startled by hearing a voice in the room, more loud than agreeable, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, darn nice-looking set of officers in here. I like you all! 'Spose there's a good many captains in here? I ought to have been a captain. I drilled my company all they ever had. Gentlemen, I'm a Southern boy, I am; but I'm a gentleman:—a'n't I, gentlemen?" Looking around, we found the voice to proceed from our sentinel at the door, just relieved, and about half drunk, on a visit to one of us for whom he had conceived a violent and enthusiastic friendship, caused by the Federal officer presenting

him with a silver half-dollar,—a curiosity in Richmond.

Whiskey is the bane of discipline in the camps of our own volunteers; and the Confederate volunteer has access to it at pleasure. The street opposite our warehouse is often lined with double guards, as a punishment for their drunkenness and the mutinous conduct arising from it. Drinking to excess is not confined to the privates, as the daily papers teem with instances of riotous intoxication on the part of Confederate officers.

(Editorial, "Richmond Examiner," January 25, 1862.)

"One cannot go amiss for whiskey in Richmond. The curse and filth of it reek along the streets. It is eating into the vitals of society. It is killing our soldiers, making brutes of our officers, 'stealing the brains' of our generals, taxing our army with endless court-martials, and *sinking our great struggle into a pandemonium of revelry, recklessness, and mad license*. Scarcely a night passes in Richmond but the sound of drunken riot may be heard on the streets, as the revellers pass from brothel to brothel, or reel along the streets seeking for shelter and home. One has only to go into the streets of the city to see hundreds of good-looking young men, wearing the uniform of their country, imbruted by liquor, converted into bar-room vagabonds, or ruined perhaps forever."

We have seen in one day, from the windows of our warehouse, situated in the suburbs of Richmond, more civilians, officers, and privates staggering drunk through the streets than may be seen on crowded Broadway in a week. General Bragg, at Pensacola,

has issued an earnest address to his command, *beseeching*—not ordering—his officers to lessen this evil among themselves and men. And yet we are assured that with the scant company stores one or two barrels of whiskey are always included, rations of which are issued to the men daily. Previous to an engagement with the enemy, whiskey is often served to the men; and we found many of the privates, and an officer high in command, under the influence of liquor, on our march to and arrival at Leesburg, after the battle of Ball's Bluff.

The following letter, clipped from the "Richmond Dispatch," January 24, 1862, will afford an amusing illustration of this subject:—

"DAVIS' FORD, PRINCE WILLIAM Co., Jan. 12, 1862.

"In the absence of every thing in the shape of news, let me tell you how the 9th of January, the anniversary of the secession of Mississippi from the Federal Union, was spent in the camp of the 12th Mississippi Regiment. Early in the day the ground presented a scene of universal vivacity and good humor, which was in no manner decreased by the gallant Colonel Hughes ordering the issuance of an *extra* ration of the 'O be joyful' to all hands. In the evening, the regiment was serenaded by the excellent brass band belonging to the 6th Alabama, which was followed by speeches from several gentlemen of the regiment, full of eloquent and patriotic sentiments and trusting confidence in the future. But the crowning speech of all was made by our friend Joe Claiborne, of the Claiborne Guards. It was full of wit and humor. On being called to the stand, he commenced by congratulating the regiment

on their success in obtaining so gifted an orator to address them as himself. He then went on to state that he was going to raise a company for the war,—a company of *elephantillery*. That each member should be supplied with two elephants,—one to ride, and one as a body-guard. That there should be no duty and no roll-call. That every member should be supplied with a gallon of whiskey each morning, and it would be the duty of the officers to hunt up all members found sober before breakfast, put them in the guard-house, and keep them there until drunk, etc. * * * *

“WARREN.”

The Confederate volunteer *per se* is a curiosity, possessing a *physique* that indicates a perfect lack of interest in the great strife around him, and a conversational strain that excites laughter at its oddity and wonder at its ignorance, which, combined with his variegated wardrobe, renders him—at least, to us through the bars—an object of commiseration and of curiosity. The favorite amusement of many of us is to visit and converse with our sentinels at the outer door,—a practice strictly forbidden by orders never enforced.

We have found them ignorant of the great issues of this war, and, when asked to explain their ideas of the principles for which the North is contending, the reply, without exception, has been “that the Yankees came to free the negroes, burn and steal their property, ravish the women, and desolate the entire country.” When asked, “What causes you to think the North so violent in their hatred and intentions?” the reply invariably is, “Because our Congressmen and the big folks have told me so.”

When a regiment is on guard for the third or fourth day, the privates appear to realize with astonishment that we are neither heathens nor cannibals; and the fact is clearly ascertained that, although taught to hate the "Yankees" bitterly, it has required strong public opinion, and the fear of being drafted, to make them volunteer for the service. They are heartily sick of soldiering, and all "want to go home" as badly as do the prisoners they are guarding. But few around our prison are able to read and write; and all betray an utter ignorance of the world's life around them. Yet, steeped in ignorance as most of them are, they are gradually discovering themselves to be mere machines, moved by the wasting power of the mighty conspiracy, and, as the war progresses, they learn rapidly the nature of the principles which actuate the North. The life of a Confederate volunteer is by no means to be envied; though from its freedom from drill, and its copious supply of whiskey, it might be esteemed by many of our own volunteers a Utopia for soldiers, were it not for the scarcity of the necessaries of camp-life. The soldier's pay is absorbed ere the month is half gone, by the ravenous over-charges of the camp-sutler.

But half furnished by the government with clothing and food, boots, coats, and blankets, with molasses, sugar, and coffee at blockade-prices bought from his private purse, his eleven dollars per month are soon absorbed. Clothing of all kinds is bought with avidity by the guards, at incredible prices. Many of them are in destitution, and correspondingly shamefaced; for it is no unusual sight to observe them, after nightfall, stop every civilian who passes the warehouse, and beg

for a pittance of money. It is always promptly given, yet, in every instance, is accompanied with the remark, "That is all I have,"—showing either a poverty of purse in the donor, or reluctance in bestowing the charity.

Our guards have their amusements, which are not always of so base a nature as getting drunk and begging alms of the passer-by. They have their national songs, their camp and scouting glees, with which they often enliven the midnight hours as they stand guard at the outer door over the imprisoned "Yanks."

The other night, amidst the shuffling of feet and the incessant consumptive cough of one of his compeers, we heard a sentinel rolling out the notes of the following song:—

"THE SOUTH IS COMING.

"Early one morning in the month of July,
We finished our crops and laid them all by :
If you want to know the reason, I'll tell you why :—
We are going to whip the Yankees, we'll do it or die.

"True, they have three where we have but one ;
But the beauty of it is, they are ignorant of a gun :—
If you want to know the reason, I'll tell you why :—
We are going to whip the Yankees, we'll do it or die.

"They outnumber us, but we have the bravest ;
They have Old Lincoln, we Jeff Davis :
If you want to know the reason, I'll tell you why :—
We are going to whip the Yankees, we'll do it or die."

CHAPTER IX.

OUR VISITORS.

OFTEN, whilst sitting reading, writing, or engaged in the amusements of cards, chess, &c., our attention is arrested by the officer of the day piloting through the crowded room a file of strangers, who stare at, and in some cases shrink from, us, as if they were treading the dangerous footpaths of an East Indian jungle. The dinner-hour, when we are resplendent with shining tin crockery and "bread with beef," appears to be the favorite one for exhibiting us; but at all hours and to all persons we are open for inspection, as, judging from the number visiting us daily, the mere request to General Winder provides the curious with written permits.

When the prisoners first arrived from Manassas, no restrictions were placed upon the officer in command at the prisons, regarding visitors, and the public was allowed to enter indiscriminately, subject only to the usual law of order and decorum,—which did not prevent the prisoners from receiving foul and abusive language from the sight-seeing on the same floor with them. At the present time (December 1, 1861) we are not subjected to abusive language, but in lieu thereof receive insulting stares *ad libitum* and at hours when privacy is most desired.

"Stir up the beasts," though an inelegant, is still

an apt, illustration of the process performed daily by our jailers at the "Yankee" menagerie at Richmond. As our visitors march through the room, different shades of impressions are plainly evidenced in their faces. A few seem astonished at finding gentlemen—not jackals—in the building. Others appear to be wondering how seventy men can breathe life away in such a den of pine benches, tables, and cots, as that through which they are now piloted. Many have that expression to the manor-born first exhibited to us at Manassas,—a mixture of hatred and contempt, with neither predominating; whilst the great majority pass through the building regardless of every thing except the great fact, "I have seen the Yankees."

On one occasion, a man known to some of us as an exploded cotton-factor and subsequently slave-trader of Savannah, Georgia, and the baseness of whose mercantile reputation was only equalled by that of his private character, passed through our room: when he reached the door, he threw up his hands in holy horror, exclaiming, "Poh! how they stink!"

This man, we understand, is a shining light on the hill-tops of "Secessia."

We are occasionally introduced to visitors by the officer of the day; and every introduction is invariably followed by the question, "Did you expect to find us so united? What are you fighting for, if you don't mean to subjugate us?" None of them appear to understand the brilliant and almost startling spectacle of twenty millions of freemen spending their life-blood and treasure for the upholding of a principle,—the self-sustaining power of a republican government. These questions are not confined to transient

visitors permitted to enter the warehouse, but are always repeated by those whose acquaintance was formed previous to the war, who call at the prison-office and are allowed an interview with us in the presence of the Confederate officers.

Our visitors may be classified as the military, clerical, and civilian, adding a mongrel species,—“our nightly visitor with a brick in his hat.” Military visitors comprise officers on furlough from camp-duty, as well as myriads of unattached *uniforms* that deck the streets and hotels of Richmond. This latter class—military visitors—form the most obtrusive and numerous of our pests. We have them of every style and grade, from the starred general to the barred corporal,—from the balmy suavity of the ultra-refined to the brutish coarseness of the uniformed sot. We cannot avoid them, and are perforce compelled to endure their presence and stare with an experienced equanimity. Nine-tenths of them, if allowed by us, would discuss the details of every engagement of the war, with its display of Southern valor and strategic skill and prowess: yet, by using a little judgment and tact, we convince them by silence how repugnant to prisoners of war must be a diatribe against their country from her enemies. Not so, however, with our nightly visitor “with a brick in his hat,” who may also be classed as a military visitor. He is proof against all suggestions as to the distastefulness of his remarks. He usually appears upon the scene about nine o’clock at night, and enters immediately into the subject with, “What did you come down here for?” “Abraham’s bosom is yearning for you, boys,” &c. &c.

We have become thoroughly accustomed to his visits,

and they are looked for as indicative of approaching fun, as he attacks and is replied to by "Hoosier" and other Western officers. He is a dry, droll old fellow, and is only discomfited by our Posey county Hoosier, who generally flanks the old gentleman by using his own "tactics."

The other night, in the midst of a most extravagant and burlesque harangue on the results of the war, to which we listened in deep silence, the old fellow tore the North asunder, hung its President, quartered the Abolitionists, and sunk eternally, with heavy expletives and blasting anathemas, the disrupted Union. "Gentlemen," says he, "the South will whip you; Abe Lincoln will cry enough. You are spending your money; you are broke,—bankrupt. England will come in. France will—"

"Commissary, what mule are you going to kill for dinner to-morrow?" interrupted a quiet voice from the corner. We never heard what France intended to do; but we do know what the old fellow did. He left us at his earliest opportunity, and we saw him no more that night.

Our uniformed visitors are, conversationally, united to a man in the cause of the South; and, were we not assured of the dissatisfied feeling in the rank and file of the Confederate Army, we might reasonably despair of the success of our government: yet even in the conversation of the officers and the prominence of the question, "Did you expect to find us so united?" we find ground for suspicion of their weakness and irresolution regarding the future.

We seldom receive clerical visitors, and, since the departure of our chaplain, the Rev. John W. Mines,—a

brother-prisoner captured at Bull Run, and who was released December 17, 1861,—we have had religious service on two occasions only. At the first the Rev. Dr. Wilmer, late of Philadelphia, officiated; the other was conducted by two preachers of the persuasion of "Friends."

We have been honored by several clerical visitors, who, apparently, were prompted by mere curiosity to see the "Yankees," and who, during their visit, ignored the subject of religious instruction, and distastefully forced upon us their views regarding the status of public affairs, exhibiting as much rancor of heart towards us as is felt by the average of our civilian and military visitors. An exception to this feeling may be instanced, in the visit of two "Friends," Nathaniel C. Crenshaw and son, of Hanover county, Virginia. We readily granted their request to hold religious services with us, and drew quietly together in the western section of the room. After remaining in silence for some time, the elderly Friend arose and earnestly addressed us on the subject of "peace and good will towards all men," elaborating the doctrine of "non-combatants" with a gentleness of manner and persuasive earnestness that commanded attention, if not conviction. When he had concluded, his son arose and delivered a pathetic appeal on "Redemption." Upon the conclusion of the services, they remained in conversation with us for half an hour: yet neither, by tone or gesture, alluded once to the Rebellion or the North. Subsequently they again visited us, having for distribution a number of Testaments and religious books.

In January, a Richmond divine visited a Federal lieutenant confined in our warehouse, doing so at the

request, through flag of truce, of the lieutenant's parents in the North. Scarcely a moment had elapsed after the clergyman's entrance into the room and the usual greetings, when he uttered the following language, in an embittered tone:—"So you Yankees want to crush us out, do you?" and continued in this style for a considerable time, until checked by the young lieutenant, who plainly told him that a discussion of this subject behind the bars was inopportune and discourteous.

Our civilian visitors are of all kinds and qualities, from the Right Honorable John C. Breckinridge to the dirty assistant of our accomplished butcher,—all possessing the usual curiosity and conversational tone of their military compeers. Residents of Philadelphia will, perhaps, hear with interest that Robert Tyler, Esq., son of Ex-President Tyler, and long a resident and public character of that city, visited the Yankee prisoners. His conversation related chiefly to the mobbish character of his exit from the North, deprecating such treatment under any circumstances. He was looked upon by the officers who knew his antecedents as manifesting considerable effrontery in assuming the privilege of visiting them: hence he received a cool, although courteous, treatment.

Our worthy commissary is occasionally accompanied by little scions of Rebeldom, boys of eight to twelve, who cause much amusement by their juvenile precocity in abusing by rule the Yankees and "Abe Lincoln." One of them possesses quite an unusual degree of talent, conversing with manliness and propriety, and now and then treating us to little songs of sentiment and "Secessia."

The great majority of civilian visitors are young friends of the youthful officers of the day, who, during their brief authority, transgress the "prison-orders" by marching strangers through the officers' prison.

The Hon. Mr. Ely attracts many visitors, curious to see their greatest trophy from the battle-field of Manassas,—"a Yankee Congressman." As they march through the room, we hear them whispering, "Is that Ely? Pshaw, no! that can't be him. Why, he looks like Bill Steward, in Snyder's store: don't he?" "Well, I declare, I never would have taken him for a Congressman." Many are introduced to him, and receive from Mr. Ely the usual bland courtesies of his nature and manner.

We have been informed that during the early confinement of the Manassas prisoners Mr. Ely was subjected to much annoyance from visitors whose courtesy was only equalled by the amusing diversity of their opinions as to his fate. "You will be hung," said Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia. "You will be released to-morrow," said the Hon. Mr. _____. "You will be tarred and feathered," said another high-priest of Rebeldom. "President Davis will invite you to dinner to-morrow, and Governor Letcher the next day: so make yourself easy," said a visitor apparently clothed with authority. But, alas! there was no dinner for Mr. Ely until he was on the eve of being sent North; and dinner, with other good things, he was then plenteously provided with, the Rebel authorities, no doubt, being solicitous of his good opinions.

We have received lady visitors only on two occasions, —the first occurring immediately subsequent to the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, when two lady

connections of Mr. Mason came to view the Federal prisoners, being solicitous regarding the treatment of the Rebel emissaries at Fort Warren, and desirous of forming an estimate of their hardships and sufferings by ours. Their visit was brief and barren of incident. The other lady visitors were two daughters of an old gentleman confined "under suspicion" of Union sentiments in our warehouse. He was quite sick, and permission was granted them to enter the building, where they found him upon his cot, propped up with pillows. By their exertions, the old gentleman was released, and returned honorably to his home.

Amidst the mass of curiosity-mongers daily thronging around and in our warehouse, beholding distress and destitution in the quarters of the privates, and want of the necessary comforts and conveniences of life among the Federal officers, we have never yet welcomed what was most needed,—a Good Samaritan visitor.

CHAPTER X.

PRISON-COMPANIONS.

THE OLD TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
Tuesday night, Feb. 18, 1862.

LET me greet you to-night, companions in captivity, as I gather these scenes around me to enrich our memories in after-years. "Olden times" will be our own, and the impress of our future life will bear the flow and flash of thought to these bare walls and rusty bars. The mind is warring somewhat with the heart; for, though all are eager for the strife of the outer world, we cannot part from this old warehouse without regret,—ay, almost sadness.

As years roll on, these feelings will grow into reminiscences of this spot: its varied experiences, its cherished associations, centring here to-night, will make these cheerless walls the Mecca of our thoughts in distant years.

Glancing around the room, how busy and varied is the scene presented to the eye!

Yonder group, with pale faces, whom we greeted but a few days since, are the hostages released from a felon-cell in Richmond jail. With what a warmth of heart, blended with admiration, we welcomed them once more to our companionship! For months suffering every privation and indignity of felon-confinement, deprived of every comfort of life, tyrannized over by

a sottish brute having them in charge, with death hanging hourly over them, how nobly they have sustained the honor of their country! Not a murmur escaped them; and when General Winder, in whose heart centred hatred and harshness towards them, with his brutish nonchalance of manner, said to them, "Gentlemen, can I do any thing for you?" mark the dignity of Colonel Lee's reply:—"Sir, we are in the hands of your government."

Our social intercourse with them has been rendered doubly pleasant by their earnest and sincere cordiality. They came from jail-walls with a buoyant and free open-heartedness of manner that endeared them to us and infused a renewed cheerfulness into our little band, making the old room a perfect picture of domestic, almost wanton, sociality.

Near the hostages, bending over the rough pine table, engaged in chess, sit Lieutenant Wm. E. Merrill and Samuel A. Pancoast.

Lieutenant Merrill is a graduate of West Point, and attached to the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, and has been in the Tobacco Warehouse since September, '61. We shall not soon forget his clear, practical intelligence, and earnest though quiet humor, which rendered him a choice companion and a welcome aid in our varied and sometimes eccentric resources for amusement behind the bars.

Samuel A. Pancoast, of Bloomery Furnace, Hampshire county, Virginia, is a brother of Dr. Joseph Pancoast, the celebrated surgeon and Professor of Anatomy at the Jefferson College in Philadelphia. Mr. Pancoast was arrested at his home "under suspicion" of Union sentiments, and, although a non-combatant,—

being of the persuasion of "Friends,"—he was incarcerated in our midst, where his pleasant smile and thorough enjoyment of our pursuits and pastimes caused him to be a welcome addition to our exiled band. His portly person and jovial laugh are found and heard wherever cheerful good nature and prison-sports centre and expand. To him are we indebted for that valued appendix of our merry Christmas,—the receipt for egg-nog,—egg-nog without milk and without intoxication.

To the left of the chess-players may be seen a euchre-party. For months they have gathered together in that spot in the evening, and drawn from the harmless sport a relief from prison-tediumness. Approach them, and you will find their every energy bent upon the game. Isolated in this old warehouse, with intellect and feeling catching but a flash of the vigor and sunshine of the outer world, at this hour they centre their faculties in the subtleties of the game before them. Their names are Captains Todd and Williams, Lieutenants Hooper and Vassall.

Captain Todd, of the Lincoln Cavalry, is, we understand, a distant connection of Mrs. President Lincoln. He is an assiduous "euchre"-player, and expects an early exchange.

Looking at the partner of Captain Todd, we see before us the type of manliness and honor,—Captain Reuben Williams, of Warsaw, Indiana,—whose warm heart, with its earnest feelings and genuine friendships, has caused him to be respected and loved by all who have enjoyed the privilege of his intimate association. He possesses a great fund of humor, and, when aroused by the spirit of universal frolic so often excited among

us, is the drollest of the droll, the merriest of the merry.

Another of the euchre-party is Lieutenant Chas. M. Hooper, of Philadelphia, who perhaps, in a few moments, will be nervously startled from his seat by the cry, "Hooper, letters!" He is always the happy recipient of a large mail from home, and, being constantly on the *qui vive* for its arrival, our wags often resort to a false alarm to amuse themselves by his vigorous anticipation of the mail. Lieutenant Hooper has acquired among us an enviable reputation for firmness of character, evidenced by his fearless rebuke of a Federal officer who, the other night, in the presence of a Confederate officer of the post, reflected upon the Administration at Washington. The lieutenant plainly told him that he had mistaken his vocation,—that he should be "an officer in the Confederate, not the Federal, army." The sentiments of Lieutenant Hooper are to be admired, as the expression of similar ones before Confederate officers has sent the speakers to Tuscaloosa and New Orleans. Lieutenant Hooper is a warm, devoted friend and a gallant and accomplished soldier. His partner, Lieutenant Bernard B. Vassall, of Massachusetts, is a jovial, hearty gentleman, whose pleasant manners add to the sociality of our prison-life.

Over in the corner sit a party playing dominoes. It is composed of some of our choicest spirits,—"Barnacles" the sea-dog, "Wax" the dry and odd, "Hodge" the steadfast, and "our Talker,"—all of whom, though occupying the position of stewards, add zest to the evening's amusements. Barnacles is an old quartermaster in the United States Navy. His rolling gait

and blunt manners, with his good heart and off-handed sincerity, make him, with some of us, a pet, rough as he is. Poor Barnacles, after serving for some months in Norfolk jail, was transferred to Richmond. He has been confined longer than any other in the warehouse, and only lately seems to have realized that release was possible. When the transports left Fort Warren with Confederate prisoners, Barnacles became our weather-gage. Instead of, "I say, Wabash! any news about exchange?" the cry became, "Hallo, Bunsby! how's the wind?" and Jack always knew; for that transport to him was freighted with priceless liberty.

"Wax" is an oddity, gifted with wit dry and droll, and an irresistible desire for sly jokes and constant sells. He has become the life and spirit of Kerns's band of brotherhood and humor, called the "Lucretia Mott Club." It is summoned together, generally, at eight o'clock P.M.; and woe be to the unlucky object of their pungent witticisms. A member of the club, whose membership is unsuspected by those around him, quietly takes a seat beside the devoted victim, and proceeds to converse upon the "hobby" (and who is without one?) of the innocent devotee. Silently other members of the gang gather around. One by one, suggestive questions are asked, elucidations called for; extravagant effects deduced from simple causes, natural deductions twisted into burlesque channels, and the poor victim is in a perfect heat of discourse and argument,—when perchance he mentions a person's name. He is then immediately asked, "Was he a hard drinker?" "Is he a man of large family?" and the plot is exploded, for we all know that these inquiries are the passwords of the "Lucretia Mott Club."

“Hodge the steadfast”—so called from his devoted attachment to his officers and his mess—is a quiet, unobtrusive, and attentive steward, who has gained the good will and friendship of all around him.

“Our Talker” came to us from the privates’ floor, perfectly electrical in the flash of his conversational powers. Morning, noon, and night were his abilities displayed. Remedy, or even mitigation, of our sufferings seemed impossible. Finally the “Lucretia Mott Club” took him in hand, establishing alternate “reliefs” to listen to him. He stood it bravely for a while, but at last succumbed. Numbers overpowered him; and he is now only a moderate talker.

In the centre of the room stand Glover and “Hoosier,” apparently in excited altercation. Between these two there is always an “irrepressible conflict.” They are fitted for each other. Six feet, bony, and muscular, their combat would be a fearful one. We hear “Hoosier’s” voice:—“Now, I tell you, Tom, you have forfeited all claim to your bargain. I told you I’d let you alone; but you broke the stipulation not to wink at me: so prepare to be throttled.” “Now, Hoosier,” says Tom, “you broke it first.” “It won’t do, Tom: so here goes!” And at it they go, twisting, writhing, arm-locked and wall-locked, over benches, beds, and tables, on the floor, in the corners, wash-room, and tobacco-presses, until, from complete exhaustion, an armistice is declared, which will last perhaps ten minutes.

Lieutenant B. F. Hancock, of Gosport, Indiana,—familiarly known as “Hoosier,”—is esteemed by us a perfect specimen of a hardy and honest son of the West. None of us will ever forget his open-heartedness of

character. To him are we always indebted for the discomfiture of our nightly visitor "with a brick in his hat," whom he fearlessly attacks and invariably defeats.

Near the centre of the room stands the mess-table of the 20th Massachusetts. Around it, quietly engaged in a game of whist, sit Dr. Revere, Lieutenants J. E. Greene, George B. Perry, and J. Harris Hooper.

E. H. H. Revere, Assistant Surgeon of the 20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, the only surgeon upon the battle-field of Ball's Bluff, has acquired and merited our hearty esteem. His coolness and self-possession upon the battle-field in a position where dead and dying were falling around him, during which he unflinchingly maintained his post, have deservedly honored him with an enviable reputation for personal courage and high qualification as a surgeon upon the field of battle.

Adjutant Charles L. Pierson, of Salem, Massachusetts, is esteemed by us for his persistent efforts in behalf of the hostages, and his constant and finally successful attempts to visit them in their cell at the jail. He left us on the 25th of January; and we have since heard that his earnest efforts for the amelioration of the treatment of the hostages have resulted in obtaining from the United States War Department a promise of speedy attention to their case.

Lieutenant J. E. Greene, of Massachusetts, the present Vice-President of the R. P. A., whose pleasant smile and quiet, genuine sociality make him a valued addition to our evening circle, may be seen, absorbed in the game, and throwing an earnestness of manner into its details that marks him as one of our most accomplished whist-players. He has acquired a popularity as a gentleman

and as an officer of the Association which will outlive the term of his confinement in the warehouse.

Lieutenant George B. Perry, of Boston, has a fine, manly face and form, and an unobtrusive, gentlemanly manner, beneath which, to those who know him well, lie some of the best and noblest impulses of man's nature.

Lieutenant J. Harris Hooper, of Boston, is a fit representative from the Old Bay State. Genuine, frank, and honest-hearted, we shall not soon forget the many hours that his conversation rendered less gloomy and drear within the old walls.

Beside the "mess-table" of the 20th Massachusetts Regiment, engaged in reading, sits Captain John Markoe, of Philadelphia, captured at Ball's Bluff. He is quite young, yet with a solid and compact frame, and a fine open countenance, upon which is stamped the index of his character, honor, intelligence, courage. Commanding at Ball's Bluff the post of danger,—the extreme left,—and holding that portion of the field with stubborn bravery, wounded severely, overpowered by numbers, he yielded not until he stood alone within the lines of the enemy. His character for gallantry upon the field is only equalled by the innate modesty of his nature, which shrinks from the public recognition of its merit. Brave, noble, and modest, the career of Captain Markoe will be one marked in the history of this war.

Opposite to our "mess" are two officers engaged in a game of cribbage,—Captain Lanning and Lieutenant Burd.

Captain Warren L. Lanning, of Troy, New York, is a sociable, obliging officer, to whom we refer for

decision of all matters in dispute relative to the Mexican War,—through which he fought and bled under General Taylor. He is occasionally troubled by the “Lucretia Mott Club.”

Lieutenant Charles H. Burd, of Belfast, Maine, was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Manassas. He was struck by a musket-ball in the upper portion of the forehead, which entered the brain and, no doubt, still remains there. Lieutenant Burd has suffered very much from his wound, and has been afflicted with jaundice and other diseases since his captivity, but is now one of the blitheest and most buoyant of our companions, entering thoroughly into the roughest and wildest of prison-sports. It is an affecting sight to see him moving around the room, the gayest of the gay, with a hole in his head sufficiently large to admit the little finger. He is very popular, not only from the pleasing exuberance of his spirits, but from the independence of his character and his uncompromising hostility to our Confederate jailers.*

Standing beside the “cribbage”-party may be seen Lieutenant George W. Kenny, of Philadelphia, whose youthful form and face contrast pleasingly with the many rough and battle-worn countenances around him. Lieutenant Kenny is to be admired for his consistent yet cheerful religious feelings and observances, and for the high reputation he has earned for courage upon the battle-field of Ball’s Bluff.

* When Lieutenant Burd was released, an operation was performed upon his head at Fortress Monroe, and portions of a musket-ball were extracted which had lain upon his brain for seven months.

Moving restlessly around the room, tapping this one and that one on the shoulder, peering into a hand of cards, dropping a sly remark, and here and there seating himself, but only for a moment, may be seen Lieutenant Charles A. Freeman, of Hancock county, Virginia, captured in Western Virginia by the "Bushwhackers." He is an excellent and adroit originator of merriment, basing his fabric of drolleries upon the slightest thread, but always creating amusement. He is much liked for his fine social qualities.

His brother in misfortune, Lieutenant C. B. Hall, of Wellsburg, Virginia,—captured also by the "Bushwhackers,"—is at the south end of the room, the central figure in a large group who are intent upon the laughter-provoking game of "Muggins." We hear their loud roars of merriment, and see occasionally, through the crowd, faces marked by burnt cork in every conceivable method of tattooing,—this being the punishment for the loss of a game. Lieutenant Hall is peculiarly unfortunate, and seldom escapes the penalty of a blacked face. He is another whose warmth of character and quiet humor have assisted in making the old room convivial and habitable.

Opposite to us stands the "Scotch mess"-table, at which are seated Lieutenants John White and Robert Campbell, engaged in their national games of cards. They are quiet and unobtrusive participants in the general sociality of the evening.

To the left of "our mess," which is situated in the northwest corner of the room, is the "mess" of the 15th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Seated at it are Captains Studley and Simonds.

Captain John M. Studley, of Worcester, Massachu-

setts, is regarded as one of the most intelligent officers of his regiment, and is much liked by the prisoners.

Captain Clark S. Simonds, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, is a man of honest, *brusque* manners, and possesses many qualities that call for esteem and admiration.

Amidst the busy hum and general enjoyment of the evening, we miss sadly those warm hearts and boon-companions from whom we have parted during our imprisonment. Some of them are "home," others in the far South; but to-night we recall their companionship with us, and Fancy groups them in their old remembered places round the room. Do we not all remember our chaplain, the Rev. John W. Mines, of Bath, Maine, whose genial, hearty good nature illumined our old walls, and whose fine intellect furnished us with food for religious meditation? And also Captain Thomas Cox, Jr., of Ohio,—the rough, the brave, the true soldier and friend? And do we not blend the remembrance of him with Lieutenant William Dickinson, of Connecticut, whose quiet suggestive humor and inexhaustible stories so often gave prison-life a tint of the outer world? And Lieutenant J. W. Hart, of Attica, Indiana, whose pungent anecdotes were ever sought for and uproariously appreciated,—"Hart on Exchange,"—can we ever forget him, his hearty laugh, his nervous jocularity, his imperturbable good nature? To none are we more indebted for our life of merriment than to him; and yet we value him not only for his spirit of wit and humor, but as a gentleman of fine impulses, generous and genuine in all his walks of life.

CHAPTER XI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ON the 19th of February, 1861, we were informed that the Confederate Secretary of War had issued an order releasing on parole all the Federal prisoners in the South. The information came to us through the commandant of the prison, and we hailed it with glad hearts filled with joyous, although subdued, emotions. Could it be possible that at last the cherished hope of many long, weary months was to be realized?—that these old walls would frown no longer upon us?—that our far-distant and loved homes in the land of our flag would see us once more? The thought itself was freighted with the reward for our lengthy imprisonment and sufferings.

The commandant of the post could give us no information as to the day of our release. "It might be to-morrow, or not until next week," was his reply to the earnest questioners. Yet, notwithstanding, many industrious packers might be seen stowing away their sparse wardrobe into carpet-bags, boxes, and cotton bags manufactured for the purpose. Not a countenance within the room but what was illumined by the glad tidings. It seemed as if the heart came leaping to the eye; for glad voices and sparkling faces were heard and seen where dull apathy and silent unconcern prevailed before. The 19th of February was spent in discussing

the causes of the Confederate policy in paroling the prisoners, and its effects upon our government. During the day we determined upon the nature of a parole that we were willing to sign, and procured means to caution our men regarding signing any parole except an honorable and the usual military one.

Two days passed on, and the heart became almost sick with hope deferred. At last, on the morning of the 22d, we were visited by the commandant, and informed that, if *we were ready*, the flag-of-truce boat would leave for Newport News at six o'clock P.M. Now came the bona fide universal preparations. We were to leave the old warehouse without an inmate, except our esteemed companion, Samuel A. Pancoast. He would be the sole remaining representative of the Richmond Prison Association.

Trunks, bags, and bundles were packed and stowed nicely in a corner of the room for transportation, by nine o'clock in the morning. We would not leave until six P.M.; and how long and dreary seemed the hours!

During the day a scene occurred to enliven and mark our last day in Richmond prison. A few days before, the men had received from the United States government complete suits of uniform, and, in their delight at having new clothes and at going home, they became wildly generous.

A hundred negroes had clustered around the prison to see "Massa Yankee go home;" and the men commenced throwing their old clothes to them, which created a furor of excitement. Old, gray-headed darkeys, young children, and women, were running frantically from one window to another, to catch a stray article as it was flung into the street, which was

very muddy, and often received a half-dozen scramblers sprawling in its mud. The negro crowd increased, and the tumult of the scene extended to all the prisons,—which caused the officer of the day to draw his sword and rush into the crowd, laying about him vigorously with the flat of the blade; but to no purpose,—for the poor negroes knew the value of a woollen shirt or pair of pantaloons, and could not be driven away until the men had exhausted their supply of old clothing.

At ten o'clock A.M., the clerk of the prison entered the room with the following written parole, which was signed by the officers, and subsequently by the men:—

“We, the undersigned, in the service of the United States, prisoners of war, pledge our word of honor that we will not, by arms, information, or otherwise, during the existence of hostilities between the United States and the Confederate States of America, aid or abet the enemies of the said Confederate States, or any of them, in any form or manner, until released or exchanged.

“Given at Richmond, this 22d day of February, 1862.”

Six o'clock came at last, and the order to march came with it. As we passed out of the warehouse, each one grasping Mr. Pancoast by the hand,—with whom all had left their surplus baggage, beds, and tin crockery,—we felt a sad reluctance to leave him, the lonely occupant of the immense building which had so lately resounded with the hum and tumult of two hundred and fifty prisoners of war. We charged him to see distributed among the destitute Union prisoners in Richmond the camp-cots and other articles left behind us.

But few citizens of Richmond had collected to see the last of the “Yankees,” and the crowd around the doors was composed mainly of negroes and children,—forming

a strange contrast to our triumphal entrance into the city.

We found the privates drawn up in line along the pavement, and, as we marched past them, we could see a genuine pleasure in the faces of the men, caused by the release of their officers. All were buoyant and excited, and the march to the boat was a scene of mutual congratulations and gladness among men and officers. A few moments brought us to the boat, where we were densely packed,—the privates on the decks, the officers in the cabin. The latter was very small, and scarcely afforded room to stand, and none to lie down, one-half of the space being occupied by our baggage.

As we started from the wharf, three hearty cheers, as a last farewell to our old tobacco warehouse, were given with a lusty will, and we parted from the Rebel city, hoping soon to return under happier auspices.

It was now quite dark, and the rain commenced to fall, rendering the situation of the privates on deck uncomfortable and, from their long confinement, dangerous. The cabin-berths soon became filled with sick privates, and the close, contracted room became more disagreeable than the exposed decks.

At eleven o'clock at night, preparation was made for supper, which we eagerly anticipated, having eaten nothing since twelve o'clock m. When prepared, the sliding-doors separating the close cabin into two compartments were unceremoniously drawn together, and our worthy jailers, Captain Godwin and Lieutenant Emack, with four or five invited guests, Confederate officers, quietly took their seats, without extending the courtesy of an invitation to Colonels Lee and Cogswell, or any of us. Another illustration of the chivalric fabric

of the Rebellion,—“the polished amenities of civilized life.” Their meal ended, a sparse supply was furnished us, which we heartily enjoyed; for, as our “Hoosier” said, “Eat away, boys: every mouthful lessens the supply for their army.”

Supper over, we searched for, but found not, sleeping-accommodations. Some lay upon the floor, over the baggage, and on the settees, whilst others played whist, euchre, &c. the entire night, unable to sleep, for want of room,—our courteous jailers in the mean time snoring melodiously in their comfortable berths; and so the night passed away. As the morning broke, the scene on deck was a pitiful one: the men lay huddled together, shivering with cold, and those on the upper deck pelted and drenched with the falling rain; but amidst it all might be seen bright, expectant faces, with cheerful smile and speech. Poor fellows! they knew how soon their sufferings would be ended; yet impatience seemed the characteristic of all.

The pilot, captain, crew, and even the engineers and negro waiters, were pestered constantly by the inquiry, “How far is it to Newport News?” and, when answered, they seemed never satisfied, except by comparison each with his neighbor of the replies they had received. Onward we sped, and at last the black hulls of the Jamestown and Patrick Henry, Confederate steamers, appeared in sight. Beyond them might be seen a small speck upon the water, which eager eyes soon discovered to be the Federal flag-of-truce boat. The fact was announced on the deck and through the cabins, and we all crowded to see once more the flag towards which our hearts yearned, and around which gathers the pride of every true soldier’s

heart. As the breeze opened its cherished folds, two hundred and fifty voices shouted and roared with wild enthusiasm; cheer after cheer was given, and continued until, from exhaustion, the tumult of gladness became silenced.

The two boats were tied together. The Confederate officer handed to the Federal officer a list of names of those privates released; and, as each name was called, the owner passed with a skip and a jump upon the National steamer, where he soon appeared on the upper deck with an immense chunk of bread and ham, holding it tantalizingly up to his companions remaining on board the Rebel boat, ofttimes with the remark, "No mule-meat about this, boys." The privates' list being concluded, that of the officers was called. As each name was announced, the officer passed upon the United States steamer, stopping to grasp, cordially, the hands of the Federal officers.

At last all were aboard, and we dashed down the river. Newport News was reached. The shore for miles was lined with soldiers, who greeted us with loud huzzas and cheer upon cheer. The rigging of the ill-fated Cumberland and Congress was filled with their stalwart crews, who added lustily to the enthusiastic greeting.

We replied until fatigue and hoarseness rendered us incapable of further exertion.

We arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 23d of February, 1862, having been confined by the Rebels four months.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RICHMOND PRISON ASSOCIATION.

THE Richmond Prison Association originated from the necessity of an organized institution through which might be perpetuated the incidents of our imprisonment, its sufferings and employments; yet, owing to the removal of many of its prominent officers farther South, to their homes, and, in some sad instances, by death, with the culpable negligence of others, the Association is without a written record.

A few days subsequent to the arrival of the Federal prisoners of war from Manassas, the Association was organized, with the election of a President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Sergeant-at-Arms. As our imprisonment lengthened, new offices were created, vacancies filled, and branches of the Association formed in different localities in the South.

On the 10th of September, 1861, thirty-one officers were sent to Charleston, South Carolina; on the 21st, three were sent to New Orleans; and on the 22d of November, twenty were sent to Tuscaloosa, Alabama,—all of whom evinced an affection for their Alma Mater by organizing harmonious branches of the R. P. A.

The members honored from time to time by election to the different offices of the Association are as follow, viz.:—

The Hon. Alfred Ely, M.C., from Rochester, N.Y.,	President.
Captain Thomas Cox, Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio,	Vice-President.
“ Ralph Hunt, of Springfield, Ohio,	“
Lieutenant J. F. Greene, of North Brookfield, Mass.,	“
“ Charles Walters, of Bridgeport, Conn.,	Treasurer.
Rev. George W. Dodge, of Warren, R.I.,	Secretary.
Lieutenant R. A. Goodenough, of New York City,	“
Alfred Taylor, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio,	“
Rev. John F. Mines, of Bath, Maine,	Sergt.-at-Arms.
Lieutenant William C. Harris, of Philadelphia, Pa.,	“
“ J. W. Hart, of Attica, Ind.,	Page.
Adjutant Charles L. Pierson, of Salem, Mass.,	“

The members of the Association included all Federal officers prisoners of war, Union men, and, in some few instances, civilians “under suspicion” of Union sentiments, who have been confined in the Federal officers’ prison from the commencement of hostilities to the expiration of our imprisonment, February 22, 1862.

The following table will show their names, rank, and regiments, with remarks showing the date of release or removal from the old Tobacco Warehouse in Richmond.

THE RICHMOND PRISON ASSOCIATION.

RANK.	NAME.	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Colonel	Michael Corcoran...	69th New York S. M....	Manassas.....	New York.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10; held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861; paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
"	W. Raymond Lee....	20th Massachusetts Vols.	Balt's Bluff.....	Roxbury, Mass.....	do.
"	M. Cogswell.....	42d New York Vols....	" "	New York.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861; held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861.
"	W. E. Woodruff....	2d Kentucky Vols.....	Western Virginia.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861; paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
"	A. M. Wood.....	14th New York S. M....	Manassas.....	Brooklyn.....	Held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861; removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
"	O. B. Wilcox.....	1st Michigan.....	"	Michigan.....	Escaped Sept. 8, 1861.
"	Charles De Villiers..	11th Ohio.....	Western Virginia.....	Werner, Wis.....	Held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861; removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
Lieut.-Colonel....	G. W. Nett....	2d Kentucky.....	"	Cincinnati.....	do.
Major	James D. Potter....	38th New York Vols....	Manassas.....	Bergen Co., N. J.....	Held as hostage, Nov. 10, 1861; paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
"	P. J. Revere.....	20th Massachusetts Vols.	Balt's Bluff.....	Boston.....	do.
Captain.....	Henry Bowman....	15th "	" "	Clinton, Mass.....	do.
"	Geo. W. Rockwood....	" "	" "	Leominster, Mass.....	do.
"	Francis J. Keffier....	" "	" "	Philadelphia, Pa.....	do.
"	George Austin....	Col. Baker's California..	" "	New Albany, Ind.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
"	John T. Drew.....	2d Kentucky Vols.....	Western Virginia.....	Burlington, Vt.....	do.
"	John Downey.....	11th New York.....	Manassas.....	New York City.....	do.

RANK.	NAME.	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Captain.....	Ross A. Fish.....	32d New York.....	Near Alexandria.....	San Francisco, Cal.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
44	John W. Sprague.....	7th Ohio.....	Iron, Ohio.....	do.	do.
44	Mortimer Griffin.....	8th New York S. M.....	New York City.....	do.	do.
44	J. A. Parrish.....	79th " " "	" " "	do.	do.
44	G. W. Shurtliff.....	7th Ohio.....	Oberlin, Ohio.....	do.	do.
44	Leonard Gordon.....	11th Massachusetts.....	Boston, Mass.....	do.	do.
44	J. R. Hurd.....	2d Kentucky.....	Portsmouth, Ohio.....	Escaped from prison, Sept. 1, 1861.	
44	Wm. Manson.....	New York S. M.....	New York City.....	Exchanged, Dec. 31, 1861.	
44	Lyman Holmes.....	Back Creek.....	New Bedford, Mass.....	Paroled, Sept. 28, 1861.	
44	Samuel Do Golyer.....	4th Michigan.....	Hudson, Mich.....	Escaped, Aug. 10, 1861.	
44	Ralph Hunt.....	1st Kentucky.....	Springfield, Ohio.....	Exchanged, Jan. 4, 1862.	
44	John Markoe.....	Col. Baker's California.....	Philadelphia.....	Exchanged, Feb. 18, 1862.	
44	John M. Studley.....	15th Massachusetts.....	Worcester, Mass.....	do.	do.
44	Clark S. Simonds.....	" " "	Fitchburg, Mass.....	do.	do.
44	Henry B. Todd.....	Lineach Cavalry.....	Mott Haven, N. Y.....	do.	do.
44	Warren L. Laning.....	30th New York.....	Troy, N. Y.....	do.	do.
44	R. Williams.....	12th Indiana.....	New York City.....	Paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.	
44	H. McQuaid.....	38th New York.....	Warsaw, Ind.....	Died in hospital at Richmond, Dec. 26, 1861.	
44	R. T. Shillinglaw.....	79th New York S. M.....	" " "	Exchanged, Dec. 31, 1861.	
44	Charles Ricketts.....	United States Artillery.....	" " "	Removed to Tuscaloosa, Ala., Nov. 22, 1861.	
44	Wm. L. Bowers.....	Rhode Island Brigade.....	" " "	do.	do.
44	James Bease.....	6th Ohio.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	do.	do.
44	Thos. Cox, Jr.....	1st Kentucky.....	New York City.....	do.	do.
44	Timothy O'Meara.....	42d New York.....	" " "	Removed to New Orleans, Sept. 21, 1861.	
44	J. P. McIvor.....	69th New York S. M.....	Bath, Maine.....	Exchanged, Dec. 19, 1861.	
Chaplain.....	John F. Mines.....	2d Maine.....	West Winfield, Conn.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.	
44	Hiram Eddy.....	2d Connecticut.....	" " "	do.	do.
44	Geo. W. Dodge.....	11th New York.....	Warren, R. I.....	Paroled, Sept. 21, 1861.	
Surgeon.....	C. W. Le Boutillier.....	1st Minnesota.....	St. Anthony, Minn.....	do.	do.

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Surgeon.....	John McGregor.....	3d Connecticut.....	Manassas.....	Thompson, Conn.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
"	L. H. Stone.....	United States Army.....	"	Washington, D. C.....	Do.
"	Stephen Griswold...	38th New York.....	"	New York City.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, and died there, Nov. 30, 1861.
"	James Harris.....	2d Rhode Island.....	"	"	Paroled, Oct. 6, 1861.
"	Charles C. Gray.....	United States Army.....	"	Washington, D. C.....	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
"	Alfred Powell.....	2d New York S. M.....	"	New York.....	Paroled, Oct. 6, 1861.
"	F. M. Swalm.....	14th "	"	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Exchanged, Jan. 27, 1862.
"	Wm. B. Fletcher.....	6th Indiana.....	"	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Paroled, Sept. 21, 1861.
"	And. McLetchee.....	79th New York S. M.....	"	New York City.....	Do.
"	B. F. Buckston.....	5th Maine.....	"	Warren, Maine.....	Do.
"	James Norval.....	79th New York S. M.....	"	New York City.....	Do.
"	J. F. Furgason.....	20th Massachusetts.....	"	Boston, Mass.....	Paroled, Oct. 14, 1861.
"	E. H. R. Revere.....	Ball's Bluff.....	"	Washington, D. C.....	Paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
Lieutenant.....	D. S. Gordon.....	United States Army.....	"	"	Removed to Charleston, Sept. 10, 1861.
"	A. M. Underhill.....	11th New York.....	"	New York.....	Do.
"	Wm. Fay.....	25th New York S. M.....	"	Boston, Mass.....	Do.
"	Geo. W. Calif.....	11th Massachusetts.....	"	New York.....	Do.
"	J. W. Dempsey.....	2d New York S. M.....	"	Near Alexandria, Va.....	Do.
"	T. S. Hamblin.....	38th New York.....	"	Manassas.....	Do.
"	Arthur T. Wilcox.....	7th Ohio.....	"	Near Alexandria, Va.....	Do.
"	J. Ford Kent.....	United States Army.....	"	Western Virginia.....	Do.
"	Edward Connelly...	69th New York S. M.....	"	Manassas.....	Do.
"	Charles Walters.....	1st Connecticut Vols.....	"	New York City.....	Do.
"	Samuel Irwin.....	2d New York S. M.....	"	Bridgeport, Conn.....	Do.
"	Isaac M. Church....	2d Rhode Island.....	"	New York City.....	Do.
"	Geo. B. Kenniston...	5th Maine.....	"	Wakefield, R. I.....	Removed to Tuscaloosa, Nov. 22, 1861.
"	S. B. Preston.....	4th Michigan.....	"	Boothbay, Maine.....	Do.
"	S. R. Knight.....	1st Rhode Island.....	"	Hudson, Mich.....	Do.
"	John Bagley.....	69th New York S. M.....	"	Providence, R. I.....	Do.
"	James Gaunon.....	" "	"	New York City.....	Do.
"	John K. Skinner....	2d Maine.....	"	" "	Do.
"	S. R. Kettridge....	6th Ohio.....	"	Brewer, Maine.....	Do.
"	F. S. Schieffer.....	" "	"	Milo, Maine.....	Do.
"	Charles Gilman.....	Western Virginia.....	"	Newport, Ky.....	Do.

RANK.	NAME.	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Lieutenant	James Farren.....	1st Kentucky.....	Western Virginia.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Removed to Tuscaloosa, Nov. 22, 1861.
" "	F. A. Parker.....	Col. Baker's California..	Ball's Bluff.....	Philadelphia.....	Do.
" "	Wm. H. Clark.....	4th Maine.....	Massass.....	Wiscasset, Maine.....	Do.
" "	A. Edwards Welsh..	1st Minnesota.....	" "	Red Wing, Minn.....	Removed to New Orleans, Sept. 21, 1861.
" "	J. B. Hutchinson....	15th Pennsylvania.....	Near Harper's Ferry.....	Centre Hill, Pa.....	Do.
" "	Wm. H. Raynor....	1st Ohio.....	Western Virginia.....	Portsmouth, Ohio.....	Escaped, Sept. 1, 1861.
" "	Chas. J. Murphy....	38th New York.....	Massass.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Do.
" "	M. A. Parks.....	1st Michigan.....	" "	Ypsilanti, Mich.....	Exchanged, Jan. 27, 1862.
" "	Wm. Booth.....	20. Wisconsin.....	" "	Potosi, Wis.....	Do.
" "	Chas. L. Pierson....	20th Massachusetts.....	Ball's Bluff.....	Salem, Mass.....	Do.
" "	Chas. M. Hooper....	Col. Baker's California..	" "	Philadelphia.....	Do.
" "	Harry Rockafellert..	United States Army.....	Massass.....	New York City.....	Paroled, Oct. 6, 1861.
" "	Wm. L. Hurd.....	Bark Olen.....	At sea.....	Portland, Maine.....	Paroled, Sept. 28, 1861.
" "	Walter B. Ives.....	79th New York S. M.....	" "	New York City.....	Exchanged, Jan. 4, 1862.
" "	R. A. Goodenough..	14th " " "	" "	" "	Paroled, Oct. 6, 1861.
" "	Wm. Dickinson.....	United States Army.....	" "	" "	Exchanged, Dec. 27, 1861.
" "	J. W. Hart.....	20th Indiana.....	(Chicamicooneo)	Attica, Ind.....	Exchanged, Dec. 31, 1861.
" "	Thos. B. Glover....	4th Maine.....	Massass.....	Rockland, Maine.....	Exchanged, Feb. 18, 1862.
" "	Chas. H. Burd.....	" "	" "	Belfast, Maine.....	Do.
" "	John Whyte.....	79th New York S. M.....	" "	New York City.....	Do.
" "	Robert Campbell....	" "	" "	" "	Do.
" "	Geo. B. Perry.....	20th Massachusetts.....	Ball's Bluff.....	Boston, Mass.....	Do.
" "	Wm. H. Kerbs.....	Col. Baker's California..	" "	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Do.
" "	George W. Kenny...	" "	" "	" "	Do.
" "	J. Harris Hooper...	15th Massachusetts.....	" "	Boston, Mass.....	Do.
" "	Samuel Gibeson....	42d New York.....	" "	New York City.....	Do.
" "	Chas. McPherson....	" "	" "	" "	Do.
" "	Jas. M. Andrews....	30th " "	" "	Saratoga Springs.....	Do.
" "	J. M. Grinnan....	14th New York S. M.....	" "	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Do.
" "	Geo. H. Wallis.....	42d New York.....	" "	Trenton, N. J.....	Paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
" "	B. F. Hancock....	19th Indiana.....	" "	Gosport, Ind.....	Do.
" "	Wm. E. Merrill....	United States Engineers	" "	Washington, D. C.....	Do.
" "	Wm. G. Harris....	Col. Baker's California..	" "	Philadelphia.....	Do.

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Lieutenant	John E. Greene.....	Ball's Bluff.....	North Brookfield, Mass.....	Paroled, Feb. 22, 1862.
"	Bernard B. Bassell.....	" "	Oxford, Mass.....	Do. do.
"	Henry Van Voast.....	" "	New Brunswick, N. J.....	Do. do.
"	C. A. Freeman.....	" "	Hancock Co., Va.....	Do. do.
"	C. B. Hall.....	" "	Welshburg, Va.....	Do. do.
Com'md're's Clr.	E. W. Hale.....	United States Navy.....	Philipsburg, Pa.....	Removed to Tuscaloosa, Ala., Nov. 22, 1861.
Lieutenant	F. M. Peacock.....	" "	New York.....	Do. do.
Master's Mate.	Wm. A. Abbott.....	" "	Andover, Mass.....	Paroled, Nov. 27, 1861.
Quartermaster.	Horatio N. Baxter.....	" "	Hyannis, Mass.....	Exchanged, Feb. 18, 1862.
Civilian	Alfred Ely, M.C.....	" "	Rochester, N. Y.....	Exchanged for Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner, Dec. 27, 1861.
"	Edward Taylor.....	Fairfax Ct., Hlonse, Va.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Died, Oct. 14, 1861, at the
"	Albert Flagler.....	Centreville, Va.....	Centreville, Va.....	house of Mrs. John Van Lew, in Richmond; he was interred in their family vault. The funeral was attended by Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, Miss Eliza Carrington, Hon. Alfred Ely, Lieut. Wm. H. Clark, and the Rev. John W. Mine.
"	C. Husson.....	Massass.....	Rochester, N. Y.....	Arrested as a Union man, and released same day.
"	Jacob S. Atlee.....	"	Richmond, Va.....	Release, Dec. 18, 1861.
"	Thos. L. Wilkinson. Chas. Smith.....	Aged 14.....	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	Do.
"	Sam'l. A. Pancoast...	13.....	Lowell, Mass.....	Upon the departure of the remaining Federal officers, Feb. 22, from the old Tobacco Warehouse, Mr. Pancoast was left the sole occupant of the immense building.
"	"	"	Bloomery Furn'c, Hampshire Co., Va.....	
"	"	"	{ On the Potomac River, while boating for amusement.....	
"	"	"	At home.....	



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From the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, D.C.L., &c.

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I remain, dear sir, respectfully yours,

GEO. W. CHILDS, Esq.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Persons possessing Pamphlets, or other materials, relating to the Rebellion, will confer a favor by sending them to the author, Benson J. Lossing, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher,

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